THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

Volume XIII | New York, Wednesday, January 28, 1931 | Number 13

EDITORIAL BOARD

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor
GEORGE N. SHUSTER, Managing Editor
MARY KOLARS, Assistant Editor
FREDERIC THOMPSON, Assistant Editor

JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Business Manager

EDITORIAL COUNCIL

CARLTON J. H. HAYES
T. LAWRASON RIGGS
RICHARD DANA SKINNER
JAMES J. WALSH

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Uphold the Red Cross 337
Week by Week..... 338
The Free State Speaks..... 341
The Hour of Power.....John C. Cahalan, jr. 343
Chesterton on Democracy...Charles Willis Thompson 345
Attic Aesthete (*verse*).....Ernest Hartsock 346
Places and Persons.....May Rita O'Rourke 347
Dirt Roads (*verse*).....Edwin Carlile Litsey 348
Catholic Historians Meet.....James J. Walsh 349
A Shrine of Alice Meynell: II.....Katharine Tynan 351
Love (*verse*) .....Gene Seton 353
Soup and Bread Lines.....John O'Grady 353
Communications 354
The Play.....Richard Dana Skinner 357
Books.....William Lyon Phelps, Boyd-Carpenter, Grenville Vernon, Alice Joyce, Mary Kolars, T. C., Hugh F. Blunt 358

Published weekly and copyrighted 1931, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single Copies: $.10.

UPHOLD THE RED CROSS

THE TEN million dollars asked for by the Red Cross to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, in the drought-stricken area of the country should be given by the public at once. In two weeks—dating from December 31—the number of people who were being aided by the Red Cross jumped to more than half a million, and since then the multitude of victims has grown prodigiously. Reports from states in which up to now the Red Cross has not been extending help —such states as Mississippi, Texas and Tennessee— are pouring in, filled with facts proving acute suffering, utter destitution, exhaustion of all local sources of aid, and the ghastly shadow of actual starvation. More than twenty states are in urgent need of immediate help—food, clothing, coal or other fuel being required now, and at once. In Memphis, Tennessee, 45,000 people are being kept alive through the food dispensed by the local welfare organizations, but these local agencies cannot cope with a situation daily growing more desperate. Within a 100-mile radius of that city, including areas in Mississippi as well as in Tennessee, all the Red Cross chapters are appealing for outside assistance, because of the exhausting of local resources. And what is true of this particular region is true of a great stretch of territory embracing almost half of the states of the union. Amid the flood of reports from all sectors of the starvation front, there comes one message which expresses as only the words of the real poor can do, the chief reason why the Red Cross appeal should be answered at once, and overflowingly. A mother of seven small children on a Texas farm, where the crops have failed, where the vegetable garden was blasted by the drought, and where mother and children are slowly starving, said: "I pray God above to fill your heart with feeling for our terrible situation, because we wonder when the end will come."

In face of such a national emergency, it is not for those who have still a dollar in their pockets to wait for the outcome of the dispute in Washington to see whether they should give it to the Red Cross or trust that Congress will give the money instead of themselves. Ultimately, of course, every dollar that Congress may vote for human relief would come out of the pockets of the public, in one form or another of taxation. But why wait for taxation when the hands of the starving are outstretched—tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of most unwilling hands—the hands of self-respecting working

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

people forced at last to beg, or to accept the fruits of begging, for their children's sake?

Quite apart from the urgent necessity to give at once so that immediate relief shall be dispensed, there are two strong reasons why the Red Cross should be upheld. First, because that great national agency which has so splendidly carried out the good-will of the whole American people toward human beings suffering from disasters would be lamentably weakened in prestige and efficiency if its appeal now should fail. Second, to throw over the Red Cross in favor of immediate governmental action would be a blow dealt to the morale of the whole people which would have disastrous effects for the nation. It may be said that taking public money out of the national treasury by the will of the elected representatives of the public to be given to the Red Cross to dispense, is only a quicker and more efficient way to aid the Red Cross itself, and thus to aid the drought victims. But that is not so in reality. Such an action would only be divested of the political dubiety that now clings to it, if taken at a time of public disaster of so pressing a nature that normal means of dealing with it were clearly inadequate.

In the present case, no such pressure exists. The national emergency is truly grave but the nation itself has its own thoroughly humane, non-political, non-sectarian, non-partisan agency for doing its own job of helping its own unfortunates. And in doing that job in their own way, millions of men and women who so far have been slightly affected in their own persons by the national economic crisis will come to close grips with its reality—and through such knowledge will come a safe and sane way to a better order of society.

WEEK BY WEEK

THE ABBÉ LUGAN, whose name is familiar to readers of THE COMMONWEAL, and is becoming constantly more widely known as one of the best-informed foreign commentators upon North American problems of sociology and religion, is writing from Mexico for the News Service of the National Catholic Welfare Conference a series of articles, the first of which was syndicated in Catholic newspapers recently. In view of the attention called to the religious affairs in that country by the Archbishop of Mexico City, who denounced in strong terms the organized proselytizing of Protestant agencies from the United States, the presence there of so experienced and shrewd an observer as the Abbé Lugan is a fortunate circumstance. His first article is an interview with the Apostolic Delegate in Mexico, Archbishop Ruiz. The highly important and gratifying statement is made by the Apostolic Delegate that, based upon the working agreement with the government which restored at least a minimum of religious liberty, now "there are some positive hopes of arriving at an amendment of the laws which will accord to the Church the necessary freedom in matters of instruction, of religious communities, ownership of religious edifices, etc." That not until fundamental changes are made in the basic law of Mexico—the constitution as it was issued, really as an edict, under Carranza—will the Catholic Church enjoy anything more than a rather precarious condition of bare tolerance, has been obvious all along. Under the prudent and practical leadership now enjoyed by the Mexican Catholics, one great work of which is the organized lay action for education and culture, there is good reason for hope that the Church will recover its liberty of action under a reasonable law.

Progress in Mexico

PROBABLY the most impressive, and very likely to be the most effective, drive against the present intolerable prohibition conditions is that which has been undertaken by the American Federation of Labor. A committee made up of presidents of unions which compose two-thirds of the federation's membership, is arranging for 14,000 organizers, now employed by various labor bodies in the United States, to make five-minute speeches during a campaign to modify the Volstead Act. This is to give some active expression to the federation's repeated declaration in favor of 2.75 percent beer. The international unions, state federations and local bodies are all to join in the movement with local meetings and speeches, and the laying of plans to make their opinions receive consideration from public servants. They will use the radio as well as the publications now at their disposal. This militant activity might well serve as a model for other representative American organizations such as the American Medical Society, the American Bar Association and the National Economic League, which have declared the earnest opinion of their members but have taken no active steps to see to it that their opinion is given tangible expression.

American Social Action

ALL OF these organizations have a dignity and a disinterestedness that should make itself felt for the improvement of our national life. They are not made up of agitators whose livelihood depends on prohibition and who, therefore, to the earnestness of their convictions may be expected to add highly interested activity where this activity will be given practical form. To the American Federation of Labor, the American Medical Society, the American Bar Association, and the National Economic League, the American Legion could well add the weight of its influence to oppose the activity of the professional prohibition agitators who become violent to the point of apoplexy at even the suggestion that the American people have not bartered away their right forever to decide the matter of their personal freedom. The effort should especially appeal to the American Legionaires, as the restrictive legislation was "put over" while they were in uniform

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and deprived of their vote by being preoccupied with offering their lives for the defense of the liberties of their country. The issue has been clearly drawn whether the apathy of the great peaceful majority of the people shall permit them to be bound and delivered by militant minorities, or whether following the example of the American Federation of Labor they shall counter with equal militancy. The recent elections gave indications that the people finally are aroused, and it now seems apparent that at the next elections the people will declare unequivocally that their fate is not in the hands of lobbyists and small, easily prejudiced legislative or extra-legislative committees.

Farmers and Peace

WE ARE glad to observe that the Department of Research and Education of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, which represents the Protestant denominations in questions of wide social interest, supplies to those who make use of its "information service," a thoughtful digest of the important contribution recently made by the Catholic Association for International Peace in its study of the relation of American agriculture to international affairs. The results of the study were written by the Reverend Francis J. Haas. Though there are many social problems on which the Protestant churches and the Catholic Church differ radically as to the best means of solving them, there is a wide area in which their coöperation is possible, and obviously most desirable in face of the growing strength of wholly secular and pagan movements. Certainly one such problem is the supreme task now confronting the world to preserve peace. The study of the influence of American agriculture on such a problem may seem in a superficial or hasty view to be remote, but Dr. Haas has made out a very good case that there is an immediate and vital connection which is deserving of the closest scrutiny. We quote a portion of the digest provided by the News Service of the Federal Council, urging those of our readers who are interested to obtain the pamphlet itself from the Catholic Association for International Peace, 1312 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D. C.

"DR. HAAS traces the rise of industrialism in European countries and the United States and shows the economic and social causes of city-ward movements. He discusses the effect of a world tendency toward industrialization on international well-being, when every industrial nation comes face to face with the same great needs for raw materials, foreign markets, and food. It is stated that as pressure to satisfy these needs increases, international complications, often issuing in open warfare, become practically inevitable. Dr. Haas contrasts the relation between business philosophy and war with that between farm philosophy and war. He predicts that, because farm life is more conducive to a peaceful and coöperative philosophy of life, the populations of the world will tend to become more warlike through the decay of agriculture. He also points out that ethical values are sacrificed in the process of expanding industry at the expense of agriculture. The values discussed relate to the family and justice, and the author contends that both must be safeguarded at all costs if either national or international well-being is to be assured. The recommendations, which were approved by the Committee on Agriculture and the Committee on Economic Relations of the Association, call for an extension of voluntary economic coöperation among farmers for buying and selling; a reduction of tariffs on imports; and fairer methods of taxation of farm property. 'Sound national and international policy demands that a larger proportion of the population live on farms than is the case at present. These results will follow when agriculture receives greater income and when its hours of labor are reduced.' "

Voice from the Grave

THE GREAT name of Cardinal Mercier was so freely used by Mr. Whitney Warren, the architect of the Louvain Library, in justification of his effort to place the notorious "inscription of hate" on that restored center of education, that it is welcome to encounter this reminder of what the cardinal really was, in our London contemporary, the *Tablet*: "A remarkable tribute to Cardinal Mercier is contained in the recently published memoirs of Baron von der Lancken, who was chief of the political department of the administration of the German Governor-General of Belgium during the war. 'I ought to say,' he writes, 'that the cardinal was all the more dangerous to us as an adversary because of the quality of his character, his spiritual discipline and his dialectics, but that it would be unjust to accuse him, as has been done, of blind hatred for Germany. He was too wise to hate. The war, without which he would have employed all his powers on fulfilling the mission of a great priest, made him understand that he had a political mission, that of keeping his people united nationally, even independently of their religious unity. He felt himself capable of fulfilling such a historic mission as this, and he took it for his own because he thought, rightly, that he was bound to do so as a patriot. Today I can make to this adversary, the greatest I have met during my political career, the acknowledgment that, generally speaking, he did not overstep the resistance line. He often preached resistance with an energy which was very inconvenient to us. When the catastrophe came, the cardinal was the only outstanding personality in the country.' Describing their last meeting, Baron von der Lacken writes as follows: 'During this conversation we shook hands for the first time. "We have been enemies but we are so no longer," he said. "Today there is need to keep united before the red flood which comes from the east." Such were the last words I heard from him.' "

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Defense of the Young

WE ARE inclined to think that the younger generation (or, as Mr. Thomas Beer capitalizes them, the Young) deserve most of the strictures heaped upon them. Certainly, we would not maintain that, in the mass, they present a picture of the perfect success of universal education. But we protest that Mr. Beer weakens his case against them by asserting extreme and fantastic standards of judgment. He presided recently over a "general information" quiz given to certain hand-picked higher-education specimens of the Young, and afterward published in *Scribner's* his deep depression over the results. The Young, he says, have no general information. The quiz showed that they are not, in any important sense of the word, educated people. They read nothing. They merely take facts in through their pores, and those facts do not remain, and are inaccurate in the first place. Maybe, but you cannot prove it by a quiz. A man's general culture is never shown by what he does not know, but by what he knows. We do not ask, "Does he know what Abu Simbel is noted for?" but "What would he think of the statues of Abu Simbel, if he ever saw them?" Not "What is baroque?" but "How does he feel about baroque, and why?" Even those few of Mr. Beer's thirty-seven questions which were fair tests of general information, represent facts in a field so vast that a corresponding margin of ignorance must be allowed for. We know a historian, for instance, who could not place Ring Lardner and a writer who thought barmecides clung to ships. Does Mr. Beer know what "The Pilgrimage of Grace" was?

Where Does It Come From?

IT WAS Mr. Belloc, if memory serves, who once complained that, in modern controversies about matters of faith and morals, "the terminology of the attack is on the lips of the defenders." This is too often true, undoubtedly; the current question-begging phrases, whether about biblical criticism or endocrine glands or Freudian fixations, constantly startle us by being used by those who should know better. But there is also the reverse or counterbalancing truth, that the terminology of the defense—that is, of orthodoxy—is often adopted in a perfectly bewildering way by the attackers. An interesting example is furnished by Katharine Fullerton Gerould's article, "Salvation by Intuition," in the latest *Yale Review*. In passing, Mrs. Gerould is an attacker only in being an unbeliever. She remains sympathetically preoccupied with the problem of belief, seemingly retaining as a taste the orthodox Protestantism she has given up as a creed. The article in question says, regretfully but decisively, that spiritual authority is now quite dead at the hands of physical science, all codes of conduct proposed for mankind can be proposed only on the basis of hedonism. Since there is no God, our only test of what we shall do, aside from the test of mere practical prudence, is what gives us pleasure.

SO FAR, so logical. But Mrs. Gerould goes on to make the admission that we must have something to justify life, something to hold on to in the welter; and then proceeds to assert that the least deceiving, the most satisfying, thing that remains when all spiritual values are swept away, is—character, if you please, "the beauty of holiness." This is what we have ventured to call bewildering. Just what does Mrs. Gerould think that "holiness" is? It is true that she tries hastily to take the curse off the term, so to speak, by "insisting" that our reaction to it is "aesthetic." But even if that were wholly true (instead of being only true enough to be wholly misleading) she might ask herself why the completest "aesthetic reaction" we are capable of is inspired by this one thing, "holiness," and not, as she admits, by either art or nature. What are the constituents, what is the quality, of this fact whose authority over the human mind is so immediate and so profound? And why is it that Mrs. Gerould's type of thinker—humane, observant, in so many ways really wise, desiring to be honest, filled with good faith—cannot stay with a thought to the very end? Why does she not ask herself how a thing like "holiness" got into her mechanistic, hedonistic, undualistic, things-as-they-are universe? Why does she not even allow herself the daring supposition that spiritual authority may not be quite as dead as she first thought?

Hypnotism Checked

THE recent announcement of the French Academy condemning public exhibitions of hypnotism recalls a subject that has long had a widespread fascination. In a special manner France has been the home of hypnotism. It was there that the two most famous schools of the art, or science, have flourished: the one at Nancy, which lately had a vogue in this country through the appearance of M. Coué, and the other one at Paris. Interest in the subject, under various names, goes back to antiquity. In its modern phases, in 1778 Mesmer propounded the theory that hypnotism was accomplished by animal magnetism and postulated an ethereal magnetic fluid. He even invented a machine for transmitting this fluid to a number of people at a time. This consisted of a tub closed with a lid from which issued iron rods. Persons standing around this and each one concentrating on the end of a rod, were supposed to become magnetized. More, however, were subjected to fits and convulsions than to a true hypnotized state. Coming to Paris, Mesmer in 1784 was condemned by the French Academy and the phenomena he produced were attributed to nothing more than diseased imaginations.

FOLLOWING a diminution in popular interest in the subject, it was revived again in 1814 by the Abbé Faria who was the first to dismiss the theory of "magnetic fluid" and to demonstrate the existence of autosuggestion and the power of suggestion. The Academy continued to resist this revival of interest in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

subject which soon became a profitable occupation for quacks and spiritists. In Manchester, meanwhile, a Doctor James Braid had made the discovery of a physiological fatigue and nervous concentration incident to hypnotism, and gave this as the cause of the phenomenon. The final scientific explanation remains undemonstrated. It is recognized, however, that the conscience and will power of a person may be seriously impaired by suggestion and hypnotism, and it is this fact, together with the fact that hypnotism has made practically no contributions to psychology and therapeutics, but on the contrary has been shown to be specially fascinating and dangerous to hysterical natures, that has led to the latest condemnation by the Academy. Their declaration that public exhibitions tend to stimulate neurotic tendencies, excite abnormal curiosities and "give the false impression that hypnosis permits the outside will to operate upon the deportment of others, which is contrary to the truth," recalls the warning of the Holy Office in 1840, a warning which yet left the matter open to scientific research: "Magnetism [hypnotism] . . . is not morally forbidden, provided that it does not tend to an illicit end or one which may be in any manner evil."

Father Hubbard Departs

THE MOST romantic news story of many weeks is that Father Bernard Hubbard, S.J., has left for the extraordinary trip which he projects through Alaska. Father Hubbard is the head of the Department of Geology of Santa Clara University, and one-half of his objective is the "moon crater," Aniakchak, in the Alaskan peninsula. This gigantic natural phenomenon—it has a twenty-one-mile circumference and a hundred-mile base—invites the attention of the geological specialist from the fact that it is really a volcano within a volcano, presenting most unusual rock strata and cross-sections, and still actively erupting through countless fumaroles. Its inaccessibility has prevented any complete record of its specimens and behavior from being made thus far, and Father Hubbard and the companions who will join him at the mountain expect to secure such a record for the federal government by descending into the crater for a two-months' stay. The hazard and adventure of such an experience are in themselves enough to bear out our term "romantic," but it happens that they are only part of the story. To reach Aniakchak, Father Hubbard will cover over six thousand miles of the Yukon trail with a team of fifty huskies, and this long march is to be broken twelve times. Twelve missions lie along his path. Twelve times he will say Mass at a chapel altar, absolve in a confessional, hearten with counsel from a pulpit. What cause we Catholics have for gratitude and pride in the numbers of our priests who win from the world a double measure of praise: for their skill and devotion as scientists, and for their bravery and selflessness as representatives of Christ!

THE FREE STATE SPEAKS

POLITICAL experts regard Governor Albert C. Ritchie's inaugural address as the tossing of his hat into the ring as a candidate for the presidential nomination of his party in 1932. That ring seems to be pretty crowded. The names discussed as probabilities, to say nothing of the swarm of possibilities, already include Governor Roosevelt, Owen D. Young, Senator Robinson, Newton D. Baker and, of course, Alfred E. Smith. But there is plenty of room for the Governor of Maryland. There should certainly also be plenty of room for his ideas. If those ideas should prevail outside of Maryland, the "Free State" might set the nation free. Governor Ritchie's political philosophy is more than personal. It is the product of Maryland itself—but in Governor Ritchie it finds a champion who puts it into practice. The question is whether the people as a whole or at least as a majority, really desire the responsible, self-respecting, "let us alone and we'll let you alone" sort of manly independence which is the Maryland spirit, and which is incarnated in the man chosen for the fourth time as governor.

In discussing Governor Franklin Roosevelt's inaugural address a week ago, we said that perhaps it is "an unanswerable question whether our increasing political centralization represents the will of the people, or their more or less helpless acquiescence. This much at least is certain, that it represents the habit of the people." It is against this habit that Governor Ritchie sets the force of the great example of his state.

He believes that we are about to enter upon a period "which will see a new economic and political dispensation in which the ideals and principles incarnate in our Maryland traditions and institutions will find fulfilment." And he thus states the Maryland traditions: "Toleration in all things and to all people; ordered liberty for the individual and the right to follow his own pursuits and to secure his own happiness in his own way, so long as he does not interfere with the like rights of others or the recognized sanctions of society; and a self-governing state, free to settle its local problems in conformity with the needs of its people, who should be unhampered by an excess of government from within and by undue federal supervision or interference from without."

Following this broad statement of position, Governor Ritchie goes into practical application of it to current problems. He minces no language in placing some of the responsibility for the recently disastrous orgy of overspeculation on the door-step of the national leadership at Washington, charging that "there began a series of inflationary statements and actions which incited, or at least intensified, the crash of 1929, and before the debris from that could be cleared away the federal government followed it up with unsupported and misleading statements promising an early, if not immediate return to prosperity, which has not yet materialized." Admitting that the federal execu-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tives sincerely believed before the crash that world conditions would work to our unbounded prosperity, as now after the crash they glibly refer our depression to "world conditions," the evidence is that they may be as dangerously deluded as any individual.

This meddling of government in business he deplores. He finds a further close relation between this interference and our present depression, pointing out that with machinery's improvement of our means of production which increased the flow of goods from our factories, we were increasingly dependent on our export trade. Yet instead of assisting this essential trade, the federal government, he says, "did everything that could well be imagined to destroy it, and built a tariff wall so high that it has flooded our domestic markets with an unmanageable surplus, started the migration of American industries abroad and is bringing reprisals and retaliations from other nations with which we trade and whose friendship and good-will we ought to have." And "by this same tariff wall the federal government brought about an increase in the price of nearly everything the farmer buys at a time when the returns from his principal cash crops are the lowest in decades."

From all this Governor Ritchie believes we will learn valuable lessons. He expects that henceforth business will be less inclined to depend on government aid and doubts whether again the carefully considered advice of a thousand trained economists who saw the dangers to our commerce in the tariff, will be ignored for the panaceas and promises of politicians. Public utilities and the great combines of power companies, he qualifies, will of course require government regulation, but outside these particular fields, in the domains of private enterprise, he would have the government keep hands off.

Developing his theory of the merits of freedom and self-reliance in business, he points out that this can only be successful if business men realize their responsibility to society and carry on their operations in such a manner that they do not have to have the federal government constantly interfere with them and supervise them as if they were a lot of unruly school-boys. They will prosper much more, he believes, if they keep their own house in order and do not subject themselves to all the uncertainties and peculiar prejudices which result from the pulling and hauling of party interests in politics. Specifically he mentions the problem of unemployment. As industry has worked out and taken care of the problem of compensation for accidents to its employees, he believes it should be able to find a solution for involuntary unemployment and put the burden of this on its own economic surplus where it belongs, rather than pass the burden along to the federal government. This is undeniably sound. The federal government of course has to take the funds it dispenses from industry. It does not produce them. And these funds are not productive but create further consumer demands on industry without a sound adjustment having been reached.

Recalling the conclusions expressed by Mr. John Moody, leading financial counselor, in our last issue, it is interesting to see them paralleled by Governor Ritchie in concluding his statements on business. He says: "Most of the major ills of society are probably due less to bad economics, bad politics, bad government or bad laws than to such elemental weaknesses as human greed for wealth and power and human indifference to the rights of others."

Immediately prior to this, and no doubt prompting the above reflection, he had suggested the necessity for further consideration of our international debts, for in his view, we cannot prosper if European countries are kept prostrate by debt. This opinion also was expressed by Mr. Moody. It seems to be a growing issue, endorsed as it was in the same week by Mr. Wiggin, president of America's largest bank, which is also, incidentally, the world's largest.

Prohibition Governor Ritchie characterizes as an un-American violation of the concept of law as a barrier protecting the rights of the individual. "No matter what the findings of the Wickersham Commission may be, they cannot end, nor can they minimize, the injury to the cause of reasoned temperance, the unhappy temptations to the youth of the land and the lawlessness and disregard for law which have resulted from putting prohibition in the constitution, where it ought not to be, instead of leaving the question to the staes, where it ought to be."

With this statement the temperance South should have no quarrel. As the Democratic party has already declared and undoubtedly will again in 1932 declare itself on the wet side of the prohibition question, the assertion of states' rights seems the solution of the divided sentiment of the party on this question, as it must ultimately be the solution for the divided sentiment of the country.

The recent actions of the Republican National Committee in assuming—in a cowardly and underhanded manner to begin with, and then forced into the open, by the refusal of the highest authorities to so much as criticize the behavior of Mr. Lucas—to determine in committee what is republicanism and who are Republicans, may well make the struggle in the next national election to be between bureaucracy and centralization on the one hand, versus states' rights and personal freedom on the other. The rule of business by federal commissions, or business rule of business. The federal government dictating to the people what they shall and shall not do for their health and in the pursuit of happiness, or the people as freemen determining this by the dictates of conscience and personal taste. Mr. Ritchie's issue, the state of Maryland's issue, is not a new one, but we believe Governor Ritchie could not have had a better one had he made it himself. It will be a carrying on of the noble tradition of the first state to recognize and practise religious liberty and this will be a reassertion of a high ideal of Americans which is much needed at the present time.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HOUR OF POWER

By JOHN C. CAHALAN, JR.

The deluded sophisticates who assume they are realists when they attribute the meanest motives to those who are engaged in works that the innocent of heart are able to see in true, high spiritual proportions, are always being best answered by positive expressions of faith that are above controversy. The extraordinary work which is here described by Mr. Cahalan is new evidence of this. Though special selfish interests try to stop it, they cannot. The words that are the hope of our immortality and the dispassionate counsels for fair living among men are of irresistible appeal.—The Editors.

AN EXPERIMENT unique in the field of Catholic action and, apparently, a successful one, is being conducted by the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin, priest of the Detroit diocese and pastor of the Shrine of the Little Flower. Every Sunday from his little church he broadcasts to millions; and he brings to this tremendous audience of his, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, the traditional attitude of the Catholic Church toward labor and the welfare and well-being of the working classes. He is giving a series of lectures, which began last October and which will last until Easter Sunday, in which he fights not merely Communism and subversive Socialism, but also the evil conditions which are at the bottom of all social unrest. And for his texts, his basic principles, he is using that great encyclical on the condition of labor, the "Rerum Novarum," of Leo XIII. He preaches a new crusade, a return to the principles of Jesus Christ and the Church, and he warns his hearers that they are faced with but two alternatives. It is Christ or chaos.

"The world," Father Coughlin told me, "is in a deplorable state. We suffer not so much from a depression as an oppression. It is our capitalists, our international financiers, our so-called great industrialists, our so-called political economists, who are responsible for the mess in which we find ourselves. We have allowed them to run our world for us and, because of short-sighted greed, they have fallen down on the job. It is idle to talk of relieving present conditions by a speeding up of the methods which caused these self-same conditions. Such relief is but temporary. There is only one salvation for our country and the rest of the world. We must go back. We must return to the spirit of Leo XIII, of Saint Francis of Assisi—the spirit of Christ."

His audience, I have said, is made up of millions and I believe this to be literally true. He buys and pays for time on seventeen radio stations each week, stations in every part of the country. Also at every broadcast new stations are cut in by the Columbia Broadcasting Company, the service he is using. Some of these stations are permanent, others but temporary cut-ins. Father Coughlin estimates that he lectures over about twenty-two stations, weekly. His mail averages more than fifty thousand letters per week. Following his broadcast on the Sunday before Christmas he received more than seventy-five thousand letters. Broadcasting company experts have a way of estimating the number of those listening to any particular feature from the amount of mail that results from it. Using this method to arrive at the size of Father Coughlin's audience, and basing the estimate on the high percentage of one to two hundred (one letter writer to two hundred listeners), we arrive at a figure well over ten millions. Of course this is merely guess work, but I am told that, according to the usual methods of estimation, this figure is a conservative one. The broadcast is given on Sundays, from seven to eight o'clock, and is known as "The Golden Hour of the Little Flower."

The letters come from every part of the United States and Canada. Mail from Mexico is not infrequent. Some letters have come from the European ports of transatlantic liners, from listeners who have picked up the broadcasts while on the ocean. More than half the writers are non-Catholics and most of them are friendly; some of them enthusiastic. There is a little adverse criticism, about two fault-finding letters in each thousand. Curiously enough most of this criticism comes from Catholics.

Interest is growing each week. The mail and other evidence of immediate response is increasing. And, in this connection, it might be noted that though the cost of maintaining this Golden Hour is more than $8,300 per week, it is supported only by voluntary contributions, coming from every section of the country, in small amounts. No appeal is made for this support. Father Coughlin never mentions money over the radio. Those who contribute are enrolled in the Radio League of the Little Flower, an organization which carries on the burden of this work and which is dedicated to the interest of truth, charity and patriotism. A staff of fifty-two clerical assistants is employed, under the supervision of Father Coughlin, to handle this mail. A printing plant, located in Detroit, is run to supplement the work begun by the broadcasts. Here, each week, 50,000 copies of the weekly sermon are printed and mailed out to those who have asked for them.

With the copy of the sermon is sent to everyone who takes the trouble to write in, a copy of Pope Leo's encyclical on the condition of labor. Perhaps 200,000 copies, surely 150,000, are thus put into the hands of those interested, each month. The pamphlet is attractively bound and printed and is sent out with the compliments of Father Coughlin. This, it seems to me, is indicative of the almost unlimited scope and importance of the work that is being done.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In his lectures Father Coughlin preaches not revolution but reform. He has a great interest in the Third Order of Saint Francis and quotes Pope Leo who said: "My plan of social reform is the Third Order of Saint Francis." He has formed an auxiliary organization which he calls God's Poor Society. In the month of November 7,000 destitute families were clothed by Father Coughlin and his organization of helpers. In Christmas week 2,000 families were fed. He has investigators out and they work under one instruction: to find the needy and relieve them, regardless of creed or color. But this work, fine as it is, is only incidental to what is considered the greater work of the radio.

"Today," says Father Coughlin, "the spirit of the times is not unlike the spirit which Saint Francis found in the twelfth century. Men, at that time, were beginning to worship wealth. Yet in six months Saint Francis revolutionized all of Italy."

I have said that the broadcast is supported by voluntary contributions, but I have forgotten to state that, like the charity which it has aroused, it also knows no creed or color. Jews, Protestants and Catholics contribute to its upkeep.

In his sermons Father Coughlin is forced to a constant use of figures dealing with employment and unemployment, percentages of wealth, property, bank accounts and the like. In the use of these figures he is meticulously accurate. He is constantly in communication with Washington and has the services of several well-known economists at his command, and is very careful that any statement made by him can be authenticated. He is forever finding fault with the methods of some of our industrialists but his criticisms are never questioned. He does, however, sometimes encounter serious opposition.

There was, for instance, the general manager employed by a nationally known manufacturer, who went to the Bishop of Detroit to try to have his broadcasting stopped or at least turned into other channels. Efforts have been made to influence the broadcasting companies against him, and in one case he was complained of to the National Radio Commission. Following one of his broadcasts, in which he took to task a prominent automobile manufacturer who had succeeded, by means best known to himself, in increasing the number of cars turned out by 7,000 a month, while he employed a third less labor, Father Coughlin found himself roundly abused, in certain quarters. But, to date anyhow, nothing has come of these efforts to impede his work. On the contrary, he has the approval of his bishop and he has a letter from Rome, in which the Pope has directed that his thanks be conveyed to Father Coughlin for the work which he is doing in this country.

Like most great achievements, the start of this radio activity, now nationally famous, was small and more or less accidental. Father Coughlin was given a certain sum of money, he tells me, by his bishop, Right Reverend Michael J. Gallagher, to start a parish at Royal Oak, a suburb of Detroit, in a section of the town in which there were, and are, but few Catholics. His wants were not many, and when he had built his church, the Shrine of the Little Flower, and secured his other needs, he found himself with a sum of money on hand. With the permission of his bishop he went to a radio station in Detroit, a local station, and purchased time for a Sunday afternoon course of lectures. Thus his career was launched. This was in October, 1927.

In the beginning it was wholly an experiment, and had for its object the breaking down of intolerance, the explaining of Catholic practice and the promulgation of Catholic thought. He met with success and was soon reaching an audience over three stations: the one in Detroit, one in Cincinnati and another in Chicago. In connection with his Sunday sermon he conducted a question and answer period, which was incorporated into the hour purchased each Sunday. One Sunday he made an attack on Socialism and the inroads it was making everywhere, in the schools, the colleges, even in the church.

Now Father Coughlin makes little distinction between Socialism and Communism, holding that they are but two manifestations of the same disease, and he is inclined to treat all isms that are the outgrowth of unrest, religious and political, under the one head. It was not long before he was receiving letters and complaints filled with the age-old canard that the Church was but a tool of capitalism and "religion was the opium of the people." Before he was well aware of what was going on, so rapidly do such things move, he was in the midst of a fight, a fight dear to the courageous heart that is in him. The outcome of it all was the national hook-up which he now employs.

Many surprises were in store for him, and the greatest of all was the almost universal ignorance of people concerning the attitude of the Catholic Church regarding labor, and its concern with present day, as well as past day, industrial problems. Next in order was the delighted eagerness with which his listeners seized upon this attitude, especially upon the immortal words of Leo XIII. They sounded almost too good to be true. Letters began to come in containing such phrases as these: "I am not a Catholic but if Pope Leo stood for these things I am for him"; or "If your church is as interested in the workingman as you say it is, I must revise my opinion of it." Much of this ignorance as to the traditional concern of the Church with the well-being of mankind was, of course, shared by Catholics, as well as those who had little opportunity to know the Church and its teachings. As a result of the broadcasting many have returned to the Faith.

Father Coughlin was also agreeably surprised to find that some of the most enthusiastic supporters of the Golden Hour are in sections of this country generally thought to be places where the Church was the least favored. In one city the use of his feature was strongly protested when first announced. Today he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

receives more than the average number of commendatory letters from this same broadcast. Since all of his mail comes directly to his address, and is not relayed through the various stations over which he talks, Father Coughlin is able to keep a direct finger on the pulse of the people scattered about in the vast territory which he reaches.

It is too early, perhaps, to judge accurately the results of this tremendous gesture, if I may use that phrase, of Father Coughlin. His national broadcast has been on the air since last October, a mere matter of three months as this is written. However, more than half a million letters have been received, and this is evidence of a keen interest that cannot well be ignored. Of the immediate results Father Coughlin emphasizes two: the American people have been brought intimately into touch with the position of the Church, particularly with the position of Pope Leo—speaking for the Church—regarding the welfare of the worker; there has been a great breaking down of intolerance, if the tone of thousands of letters from those who have not been friendly can be relied upon. There have, too, been some conversions, though this aspect of the work is not stressed. A further result has been the discovery that the greater part of the present work being done for charity throughout the country is being done by people who are comparatively poor themselves. What the future holds, in these changing and restless days, remains to be seen.

On a great highroad which leads straight out from the heart of that hive of industrialism which is the city of Detroit and but twelve miles from it, there stands a massive white cross, built of stone and rising high above all that surrounds it. It is called the Tower of the Crucifixion. Behind it, and shadowed by it, is the Shrine of the Little Flower, a small chapel in which not more than a few hundred can find room. But in front of its pulpit is a microphone from which once each week a voice goes out. The popular prayer among devotees of Saint Thérèse of Lisieux, is: "Little Flower!—in this hour, show thy power!" That power is extended, each Sunday night, to many millions.

CHESTERTON ON DEMOCRACY

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

"I'M GOING to California," said Mr. Chesterton, "to inflict some lectures on some people who never did me any harm; and after that I'll probably go up to Vancouver. I'll leave for England about April 1."

"Well," said I, "before you go, you have seen enough of America in the last two months to tell me whether or not we're in the jam so many of us think we are. Lots of Americans think either that democracy is doomed, or that Uncle Sam must play Santa Claus to individual classes, or—"

"I'll tell you," said Mr. Chesterton. He is not at all the sort of man you would expect. The caricaturists and paragraphers have made everybody believe that he is a gross and unwieldy man, which is a way caricaturists and paragraphers have with any public man who happens to be large. Commentators have made the public believe that he always talks humorously and flashes witticisms, whereas actually he talks as soundly as he thinks. His hair and moustache have been accurately delineated, except that they have grown grey now; and his manner is rather ingratiating than pungent.

"Democracy is not going out in America," said Mr. Chesterton. "It lives, and lives as strong as ever, in the country towns and small places. It exists even in the big cities, though there it is being crushed more and more by the life the city leads. In the cities there is a tendency toward snobbery and brutality among the upper classes and the cities are growing dominant.

"But the difference is that in American life there is still real democracy without classes and there isn't in England. In England there is not merely the distinction between upper, middle and lower classes; the classes themselves are subdivided. The grocer moves in a different sphere from the bricklayer. The artizans have their aristocracy, their middle class, and their lower class. But in South Bend, Indiana, for instance, one man of the middle class sits in his shirt sleeves outside his house and is on even terms with his visitor from a different trade.

"It used to sound funny in English ears when we heard that Americans called their servants 'help.' But there was nothing funny about it; the word was an accurate description of a condition. These men and women really did come to the house to help; they were not inferiors, and when the work was done they were just as much the equals of the man who paid their wages as they had been in the morning. Now, this state of things still exists everywhere but in the big cities, and is to be found even there.

"But in every country there is a growing and noticeable failure to provide for the continuance of democracy through the ballot-box. America is no exception. I believe in democracy, and I believe in its persistence; but it looks as if there might have to be an intermediate spell between the failing ballot-box and the ultimate solution. Just now the intermediate spell presents itself in the form of a choice between aristocracy and autocracy. If we had to make such a choice, I would prefer autocracy; a wise and thoughtful dictator would be better than an aristocracy, which after all is only a social club in which everybody yields to everybody else for the sake of good fellowship.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I don't think Jefferson is dead. Even if we have to have autocrats for a time, they would be better instruments for the working out of democracy than aristocracies would. Napoleon, autocrat as he was, spread democratic ideas all over the world. The *ancien noblesse* would never have done that.

"It is not only in America that people want to have everything done for them by Santa Claus. In America Santa Claus is the government; there is a constantly growing feeling that each separate bloc should have its ills remedied by a paternal set of office-holders. But even in that matter, I think the evil is not so striking or so deep-rooted as in England. In England men have always been brought up with the belief that if anything went wrong the squire must set it right. That belief antedated the ballot-box; the belief in a Santa Claus at Washington is the outgrowth of the ballot-box.

"If you except the growth of crushing conditions in the great cities—and remember, even in the great cities these conditions are not yet dominant—there has been no change in the old-fashioned democracy in America since Jefferson's time. Men are still each other's equals. I will admit it was unfortunate that the victory of the North in the Civil War was so sweeping; it enthroned industrialism, which was a Northern conception, so firmly that no revolt has been able to overthrow it. Not only that, but being once enthroned it has been enabled to grow, to increase its power. It would have been better for America today if the victory of the North had not been so overpowering and all-embracing.

"In what I said a moment ago about the snobbery and brutality of some manifestations of American wealth, I was not ignorant of another manifestation much more pleasant, and which is growing. There is an increasing number of American rich men who, having gained wealth, are ambitious only to distribute it where it will do the most good. This is a growth of recent decades. The number of such men is constantly increasing in this country.

"It appears to me, however, that their idea of distribution is limited—say, to educational enlargement, and such things. Do you suppose it would be possible to enlist such men in a cause like Distributism?"

"I doubt it," I replied. "All that Americans know about Distributism is that it is something you and Mr. Belloc favor, and you would have to begin our education from the bottom. I don't believe you have wholly educated England on that point, to say nothing of us."

Mr. Chesterton laughed. "At any rate," he said, "it may sound quixotic, but I think men might be educated to restrain themselves in the mere rush for money. It does sound absurd to tell a man, 'Here, stop money-making for a while now that you have got enough; if you keep on, you and your friends will bring on a panic and hard times.' But men do learn lessons through experience, and America has had a few.

"To tell men that they should limit their money-making sounds as fantastic as it does to tell them they should not take wine at their dinner tables, because if they refrain it will keep the working classes sober."

"You are like all Englishmen who come here," I said. "You all believe that the rich continue to drink and that the saloon has been taken away from the poor. The reason you think so is that in England a workingman is not well paid and could not afford liquor under prohibition. In America the workingmen have money; there are clubs for the rich and speakeasies for the workingmen, and I think the workingmen's saloons outnumber all the places where the rich get drinks, and that more money is spent there."

Mr. Chesterton stared. Then he laughed. "If that's the case," he said, "then there is simply no argument for prohibition at all. We have been going along, comfortably assuming that while the rich violated the law, at any rate the Eighteenth Amendment kept whisky from the workingman and made him virtuous against his will. If it doesn't, then the whole thing is nonsense. Of course all I know about it is from seeing wealthy men produce liquor at their dinner tables. I haven't had the advantage of entering a speakeasy maintained for bricklayers and printers, and just assumed there weren't any."

"All Englishmen do," I said, "and most of them write it. They can find plenty of Americans to tell them so."

Mr. Chesterton laughed again. "Well, anyway," he said, as I rose to go, "to get back to the main subject of our talk, I don't see that democracy has suffered any in the Middle West, for instance, since the days of the pioneers. It is only sensible to judge Americans by the same rule we apply to others. If we find that Mohammedans were fighting a thousand years ago and they are fighting yet, we may reasonably conclude that they are a fighting people. If we find that Americans treated each other on even terms when Indiana was being settled, and that there has been no change in the customs of Indiana up to the present moment, we may reasonably assume that Americans are democratic. Anyway, I prefer to believe so. I am, on principle and by habit, a democrat."

Attic Aesthete

The pallid skin, the lean and hungry look,
The pale blue shirt, the limp and girlish hips,
The furtive eyes, nostalgic for a book,
The black wild hair, the sensual, long lips,
The haunted smile, the scented cigarette—
Declare a youth who lives on epigrams;
The model of erotic eitquette,
He writes sex large and punctuates with damns.

He babbles Freud and Beardsley, Kant and Wilde,
With studied gestures of his long, moist fingers;
His movement is half dryad and half child,
And where he goes Narcissus perfume lingers.
When he shall die, perverting nature's plan,
Imagine God's surprise, who first made man!

ERNEST HARTSOCK.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Places and Persons

MARGARET SINCLAIR

By MAY RITA O'ROURKE

AT THE moment when I am writing, one of London's most pleasant associations is doomed for utilitarian reasons. The pigeons whose soarings and wheelings seemed but to intensify the stability of St. Paul's, are to be exterminated; the winged colony that chequered with soft color the wide grey steps and austere façade, are banished forever to the shades. So passes the poetry of the past; and the great shrine of St. Paul will lack the rhythmic wings and rumorous cooings of the feathered folk who did no more than beautify life, and so must perish.

In an age so intolerant of what is not obviously utilitarian, how can the saint, that survival of mediaevalism, be spared? A halo must be considered less useful than a skywriting advertisement! And the saint seems doomed to obscurity in the dusty gloom of chantries where the past prevails. Yet, with that strange reversal of normal values which distinguished him throughout life, the saint, even today, triumphs through his past effacement. His humility now leads him on toward glory; his silence thunders in the ears of Rome; his stripped, most disciplined, and detached heart vivifies in death, and answers the claims of the world he seemed once to have forsaken. He is among us, as never before: a shade that dazzles more than sunlight; familiar, since he once wore our flesh and knew how the yoke galls; mysterious, since in clay he lived as if clay were naught.

All the paradoxes of his life bewilder us, yet he charms us to come nearer; and, looking back at his path, we see that light still lingers for us in the trace of his shabby, sandaled feet. Here is proved the inner wisdom of the fairy-tales: the rightness of the gesture with which Cinderella's rags become cloth of gold; the certainty that the sweet watcher amid the ashes shall yet be lifted into glory; the truthful tradition that the lonely and pure shall at last attain a royal Lover. . . .

Now, in our own materialistic days, the happy magic of the fairy-tale and the heroic epic of a saintly life are pleasantly associated in Margaret Sinclair. Another Cinderella has risen from her dusty place for the world to honor, and that most covetable of all crowns —a halo—is hovering now above the head of a Scottish scavenger's daughter. It is fitting to look closely at one who, if her recently introduced cause of canonization proceeds favorably, will be the first Scottish woman to be canonized for about seven centuries.

Even in life, it may be said, Margaret Sinclair had a certain fairy-tale quality: that elfin gift, charm, and then, too, the beauty which all fairy-tale heroines wear beneath their long bright hair. Her sunny temperament diffused brightness around her, and she was remarkable for the sweetness of her looks. She had humor of a swift, spontaneous kind; but though she could laugh readily, she was frugal with words, and inarticulate when confronted with a pen. More artist than scholar, she longed to paint, and achieved a few pictures; she read much, for edification rather than diversion; and plied her needle nimbly and skilfully when in need of a hat or a dress. Quickly, inadequately, we can daub the outlines of her personality: mentally alert, physically attractive, cordial yet reserved, now grave, now merry; steady at work, lightfoot at a dance; a capable, charming girl to be commended for her well-balanced mind. A shadowy portrait, indeed!

It is not on such flickering outlines as these that the Church superimposes the seal of her approval, and the Margaret Sinclair on whom a halo may yet alight was much more than this.

Her life, almost featureless in its lack of external events, is soon told. Born in 1900 in a tenement in an Edinburgh slum, she lived there until the age of twenty-three. A working-class child, she endured the familiar slum conditions: a cramped childhood, spent in congested rooms; the untimely knowledge of adult responsibilities and temptations; family feuds overheard from area to area; the groans of birth and death barely out of earshot. These dismal conditions were only made bearable to this fastidious, refined child by the reticences of a devout Catholic home. The Scottish father and Irish mother had kept the dignified traditions of their races, and poverty stinted but did not soil their lives.

In this arid and depressing back street Margaret's childhood and girlhood were passed. The detailed record of her days and deeds must be sought elsewhere; it suffices to say here that she lived not merely cleanly, but *fragrantly* amid malodorous conditions. Her pure spirit touched and stirred all who came in close contact with her, bringing light into clouded and befogged souls, as her sunny face cheered those who merely saw her passing by. Devout as a child, her girlhood showed her intent on holiness. Her laborious day's work as a french polisher, and her household tasks ended, she devoted her short leisure and much of her night's rest to prayer. She went daily to Mass and Holy Communion. Yet she was never ostentatiously pious; her charm and good spirits made her popular, especially at the parochial festivities, where she danced with zest and with grace.

Margaret was nearly twenty when marriage was urged upon her by her parents; and she consented through filial affection, not romantic love. Although

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

intensely feminine, and a great lover of children, Margaret faced marriage with keen reluctance; and after prolonged distress of mind she set herself free. Marriage was never again considered by her, and she turned (with what may well be the pent-up longing of years) toward the cloister.

In 1923 she entered as an "extern" Sister the community of Poor Clare Colettines, at Notting Hill, London; and took her vows there two years later. Those secret, laborious years in her convent yield no record beyond the average nun's career. Now she is a portress, next working in the garden; at other times she is sent out on a mendicant excursion with another Sister "extern." A shaded, solitary life, in the homely tradition of the saints who sweep cobwebs and scrub refectory floors while their souls take the long flight of contemplation.

Her life as a nun was the fulfilment of those arduous years of self-discipline and lonely fervor; and in a community dedicated to rigorous renouncement her soul was at peace. An outwardly fine physique gave promise of long years of activity; but the privations of her childhood, and the detrimental slum conditions had undermined her health. In the spring of 1925 tuberculosis developed, with such rapidity that her only chance of recovery lay in removal to the country. She was sent away to Marillac House, Warley, a sanatorium staffed by the Sisters of Charity; and there she spent the last months of her life, suffering incredibly, but without one moment of rebellion or complaint.

Every distress which the afflicted body can experience seems to have been hers. Breath failed her; the diseased condition of her throat made it difficult for her to swallow, and added to the pain of unceasing cough. Fevers exhausted her; she wasted in the flesh until it seemed impossible for her to live. Again and again she sank toward death, rallied, and came back valiantly to the unequal fight. She was the sport of disease and death; yet her spirit so triumphed in her frail body that those around her were moved and awed by her unearthly, exultant heroism in cheerful endurance of unceasing pain.

Toward the end, simply and with complete un-self-consciousness, she revealed to a priest how she had been consoled by God. Mystical experiences are too grave to be lightly recorded, and may not be superficially analyzed. It suffices to note that these experiences were granted to Margaret; and that they reveal how far she had traveled on the secret road of the mystics, while many saw in her only the average type of cheerful, devout nun.

But if her intimacy with God remained her secret, "the joy of the Lord" already suffused her, and drew toward her every kind of heart. Her room was a place to be visited for inspiration and solace, and though exhausted and suffering, her smiling welcome never failed. She diffused radiance around her until the end, and when death took her hence it was the passing of a soul alight into light.

The end came in the early morning of November 24, 1925. She who had waited so long, often rebuffed, never impatient at his delays, was ready to welcome her tardy "Brother Death." When it was time (she herself warned the watchers at her bedside) a nun whom she revered and loved was fetched in haste. And while they prayed, and the night was brightening into day, Margaret died as she had lived, in love, in prayer, in peace.

Her body was taken back to the Poor Clare convent, where for some days it rested amid flowers and lights until the burial in the community's plot in Kensal Green. On the day of the funeral snow fell heavily, hiding the new grave as the memory of this obscure young nun seemed effaced, save in the small circle of her friends.

Yet it was not many months before her renown had widened; and her graveside was sought and visited by many, in thanksgiving for favors attributed to her intercession, or in the hope of graces still to come. This rapidly developing cult soon claimed ecclesiastical attention. A rigorous investigation of her life was made, and in 1926 her remains were exhumed and removed from Kensal Green to Liberton cemetery, near Edinburgh.

Two weeks ago the introduction of her cause of canonization was announced; and we now await the final verdict of Rome upon one who already bears the Holy Father's commendation of her as a soul whose influence will attract other souls to Christ.

So the strange and true fairy-tale of the saint persists in an age at once unbelieving and credulous. The hidden, slum-bound child travels by obscure ways into the "ivory palaces" of glory; the ashes and Cinderella's broom are left aside, the rags and sackcloth forsaken. Margaret Sinclair, yesterday known and met as the scavenger's daughter, may tomorrow prove a princess, of that most noble lineage—the royally destined sons and daughters of God.

Dirt Roads

They hold a charm the concrete highways lack,
So homey-like, so leisurely they are;
Winding beside low hills, and looping back
To softly creep beside some pasture-bar.

Dirt roads were made for buggy wheels, and boys
To walk on barefoot, and for lines of geese.
The choiring meadow-larks above them poise;
The cradling arms of twilight give them peace.

Their dusty beds are written like a scroll
Where Nature's children passed and left a sign;
With here and there a tiny water-hole
Where yellow butterflies drift down to dine.

Dusk comes to trail brown shadows through the air.
The humble wayside weeds grow moist with dew.
Couched in the road, his note a moaning prayer,
The whippoorwill now sings the whole night through.

EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CATHOLIC HISTORIANS MEET

By JAMES J. WALSH

THE ELEVENTH annual meeting of the American Catholic Historical Association, held in Boston during Christmas week, was the best attended of any which have so far been held. The Committee of Arrangements under the honorary chairmanship of His Eminence, William Cardinal O'Connell, and the active chairmanship of Monsignor M. J. Splaine, succeeded admirably in their purpose of making this Boston meeting epoch-making in the history of the association. The presence of His Eminence on Monday morning, December 29, gave a note of prestige to the opening session which attracted public attention and assured the interest of all the Catholics of Boston who have devoted any special attention to the history of the Church.

The cardinal expressed his conviction that such meetings, especially in conjunction with other historical societies, foster an ever-growing spirit of fair-mindedness toward the Church and its history that is calculated to do an immense amount of good. American historical students and writers thus brought intimately in touch with Catholics, and especially those among them who are familiar with the details of various historical problems, are sure to be influenced in the direction of the better understanding of Church history. He himself has always felt that the one thing that was needed to secure right-mindedness on many of these debated questions so far as the New Englanders particularly are concerned, for in his experience they had a thoroughgoing spirit of fair play, was the actual knowledge of events as they had occurred and of problems as they had worked out in their contemporary environment. It is difficult indeed to secure the right view of history, and the subject must be approached from many sides for satisfactory knowledge. This is particularly effected where scholarly people are brought together at meetings of this kind. The cardinal concluded by voicing his deep personal interest in the association, and his readiness to be of material help in the encouragement of the good work that it is doing.

On the last day of the meeting Mr. James Curley, the mayor of Boston, came to convey the formal greetings of the municipality to the American Catholic Historical Association. He brought with him as a token of his regard and a symbol of the good feeling of the city, a gavel which had been made from one of the old newel posts of Faneuil Hall, the cradle of American liberty. He explained that some years ago changes were found necessary in Faneuil Hall and one of the newel posts had to be removed and a number of gavels were made from it. These have been presented during this year of celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of Massachusetts to a small group of the five hundred organizations which have chosen Boston for their meeting place during the tercentenary year. One of them was given to the American Legion, the second to the American Federation of Labor, a third to the National Convention of the Knights of Columbus, and the fourth on the present occasion to the American Catholic Historical Association. Each of these was suitably inscribed on an attached brass plate, and will doubtless prove cherished treasures in the hands of its recipients.

Certain of the papers read before the association deserve special notice. That of Dr. John E. Sexton, professor of church history at St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Massachusetts, on "The Birthplace of Saint Patrick," attracted particular attention because, instead of finding evidence for Patrick's birth in Scotland, England or Gaul, the three countries whose claims have usually been supported, he set up the claim that Patrick had been born not far from Rome in Italy. The other paper that evoked unusual attention on Tuesday morning was that of Professor Theodore Maynard of Georgetown University on "Peter Martyr, Humanist and Historian." As might be expected, the author of "The Conquistadores" presented a very interesting account of the life of this Italian scholar who caught the attention of the Spaniards at the beginning of the sixteenth century. He was a cosmographist, a geographer, as well as the first historical writer on the New World. He entertained Cabot at his table, was the first to understand the significance of the Gulf Stream and to tell of the Fountain of Youth over here in the West. Peter made a very picturesque figure in the life of the times, and represents one of those links between the Renaissance in Italy and in Spain that serve to demonstrate how rapidly culture was diffused in his time, in spite of the absence of rapid modes of transportation.

The papers of the last session read by J. D. M. Ford, Smith professor of French and Spanish and chairman of the romance languages at Harvard University, and Professor Edward Kennard Rand, of the mediaeval department of Harvard University, proved particularly suggestive. Professor Ford pointed out, in "The Saint's Life in the Vernacular Literature of the Middle Ages," how much of literary quality there was in the old versified biographies of the saints, and the value also of the prose lives which succeeded them. Professor Rand's paper was a destructively critical commentary on some recent historical publications of the well-known Professor Coulton, the English historian, who tells all the bad he can find with regard to the middle ages and minimizes all the good.

Professor Rand took as an example of how easy it would be to misunderstand or misrepresent the people of the middle ages, an incident from Charlemagne's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time when a group of monks appealed to the emperor to mitigate the rage of their abbot for building to such an extent that he was destroying the spirit of monastic life and secularizing it to a very serious degree. Professor Rand suggested humorously that there are presidents of universities in our day doing exactly the same sort of thing, but that unfortunately the faculties have no one to appeal to to put an end to the well-intentioned but utterly mistaken zeal which is sacrificing genuine education to bricks and mortar. His American critic suggested that the English historian, Professor Coulton, might take an incident of this kind and use it to his special purposes, but those who are really interested in monasticism will understand at once how deeply the monks were attached to their monastic life and wanted to preserve it in its original order.

The sessions of the association were held in the Copley Plaza Hotel in the various public rooms of which the other historical associations of the group—the Mississippi Valley, the Agricultural History Society, the National Council for Social Studies, and the American Society of Church History—also convened. There were excellent opportunities to drop across the hall to these other meetings. A number of the members of the association, for instance, dropped into the session of the American Society of Church History in which there was a discussion of that interesting question as to the nature of the movement in Germany in the sixteenth century. The discussion revealed the fact that a number of historical writers in this country are very much inclined to give up the word reformation in favor of the other word revolt, or perhaps the word revolution, as a much better descriptive title of what actually took place at that time.

Another interesting meeting was that of the combined Mediaeval Science Society and the Mediaeval Academy for the discussion of the important question of the printing of mediaeval scientific manuscripts and the reprinting of a great many mediaeval works on science which exist at present only in very old editions, sometimes as incunabula, and ought to be put into available form for students. Professor Lynn Thorndike of Columbia University presented a tentative corpus of mediaeval scientific literature which he suggested should be printed in some two or three hundred octavo volumes as a good beginning for this great work. When he was asked how long he thought it would take to edit and write introductions, and then print these works, he said that very probably by the year 2031 the work would be well under way, but the experience of the Bollandists who have been gathering the corpus of writings on the lives of the saints, the famous "Acta Sanctorum," for nearly three hundred years, showed how far such a great work of scholarship might be carried. It is so often said that the people of the middle ages were not interested in science that it is a surprise indeed to find that the reprinting of the scientific writings of that period will prove such a huge task. It is easy to understand the great change that has come over the attitude of mind of those who really have the right to an opinion with regard to the scientific interests of the mediaeval period.

The dinner given to the members of all the participating societies by the various Massachusetts historical associations filled the great dining-room of the Copley Plaza. The retiring president of the American Historical Association, Professor Evarts Boutell Greene of Columbia University, reviewed in his address the whole subject of religious toleration in America from the beginning to the present day. He showed how difficult it has been to secure, and pointed out that there is still a lack of tolerance in the mental attitude of many of our citizens, very surprising 150 years after the foundation of our government on the broad basis of religious toleration. He called attention to Americanism and Know-nothingism and A.P.A.ism, as well as the Ku Klux Klan movement and the intrusion of the religious element into the last presidential campaign, and said that recent developments "like the evolution controversy in the schools and ecclesiastical partizanship in elections suggest that perhaps after all certain ancient problems are not so completely settled as we suppose." Professor Greene's address proved a fine scholarly view of one of the most important subjects of our history and attracted deep attention from the many members of the American Catholic Historical Association who were present at the dinner.

The next meeting of the American Catholic Historical Association is to be held in conjunction with the other historical associations at Minneapolis during Christmas week of 1931. The officers for the ensuing year are as follows:

President, Carlton J. H. Hayes, Ph. D., professor of history at Columbia University, New York City; First Vice-President, James F. Kenney, Ph. D., Director of Historical Research, Public Archives of Canada, Ottawa, Canada; Second Vice-President, Reverend James M. Reardon, pastor of Basilica of St. Mary, Minneapolis, Minnesota; Treasurer, Right Reverend C. F. Thomas, D.D., J.U.D., pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Washington, D. C.; Secretary, Reverend Peter Guilday, Ph.D, professor of church history, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; Assistant Secretary, Reverend George B. Stratemeier, O.P., Ph.D., professor of history, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; Archivist, Miss Josephine Lyon, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C. The Executive Council consists of: Reverend Peter Leo Johnson, professor of church history, history and patrology, St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Reverend Francis S. Betten, S.J., professor of history, Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Reverend Robert Howard Lord, Ph. D., professor of church history, St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Massachusetts; James J. Walsh, M.D., K.C.S.G., New York City; and Leo Francis Stock, Ph. D., associate professor of history, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A SHRINE OF ALICE MEYNELL: II

By KATHARINE TYNAN

PERHAPS I had only a fleeting vision of Alice Meynell in 1920 and again in 1921 when I paid two brief visits to Greatham. Her delicacy of health had become more pronounced. She was such a frail creature to have borne eight children and to accomplish so much work. She would have said that the bearing of children was a woman's natural office and nothing to be deplored. I remember her saying once that she felt so much the honor and dignity of her maternity, as to leave no room for considerations of discomfort, of ungainliness.

In all my knowledge of her I have never seen her eat with appetite. She lived on as little food as could sustain human life. She said once that she was only hungry before her children were born, and there was a certain poem of mine (I think it was of an orchard) which made her feel hungry she said, and so she loved it. Her family at that time were greatly concerned with the question of feeding her, she had so little taste for food; and I can remember her, a little petulant, pushing it away from her. They were very anxious to take her to Italy, which had been her Mecca, but she was quite determined not to go, and she listened with a gentle disdain to their arguments that the journey would be all restful. I think she must have known then that she was not to go away again.

She had arrived at being a saint, but I do not think she was the kind of saint who has nothing to overcome. Somewhere behind the sanctity and the giving up of self there was a certain arrogance, intellectual and fastidious. I think the natural woman in her would have detested fatuity or the vulgar, but she kept all that in check. She bore with fools and folly gladly. She abstained from criticism of the vulgar, but now and again there was a rapier flash, gone almost before one had realized it.

The friendship of Americans had made a great difference in her latter life, and she loved them as they loved her. Their gifts and their kindness and their praise made an enormous difference to her. I think literally and spiritually they must often have warmed her through and through. She was so little a creature of earth in those latter years, so much poised between heaven and earth, that she might have been a little cold. Her American friendships meant so much to her. I think the seasons were the colder when they were absent from Europe. I remember her writing to me in a spring mood: "The green is on the trees in Kensington Gardens and Agnes Tobin is on the sea." Agnes Tobin was the first of her many American friends. She took her out to California for an autumn which lengthened into winter. She had done a lecturing tour that autumn, lecturing to the women's clubs and enlarging her circle of friends everywhere; but I do not think she realized till too late that she could not get home for Christmas. It must have been a lonely Christmas, though she was lapped in love and luxury. "Wilfred and the children were with me all that day," she wrote. "I saw them plainly."

I shall always think of her sitting in that room at Greatham, her head back, her eyes far away, musing. She was prevailed upon to take a little exercise and it took the form of croquet, a Victorian game which had a brief revival about that time. I can see her standing looking down at the mallet before striking the ball, which she did not send very far. I had seen her play croquet before with another American, Ezra Pound, when they visited us in her home in Hertfordshire. Mr. Pound had to be taught the positions by a little boy of eight, who afterwards gave a quaint representation of the poet taking the wrong positions all the time and asking, "Is that right?"

I cannot imagine Alice taking part in strenuous games. I remember that once she took to playing bridge, saying that she found it a most wonderful rest, after brain work. I imagine it was the unassuming bridge which plays for love and has no lapses of temper.

I saw her for the last time in the midsummer of 1922, and she must have known we should not meet again, for her tenderness was wonderful. It was at the flat in Granville Place, and again I see her, her head against the gold of Japanese Kakemonos. She is always like that in my memory with a suggestion, I feel, of a saint in a stained-glass window. I said good-by to her and went back again and again, for I too must have known.

Ours had been a very perfect friendship. I think hardly anyone realizes how perfect except myself, now she has gone. When she died that autumn I was in Cologne, and had not even heard that she was seriously ill. My younger son was getting back to England. I sent him out to buy a large bottle of eau de Cologne to take to her. I had given her eau de Cologne and handkerchiefs on all giving occasions for many years. He came back and said, "Alice Meynell is dead." He had seen it in the English papers.

During all the years since then, I've not revisited Greatham till I went this summer. There had been many passionate pilgrims from America there in the intervening years, where the place keeps her grace and her memory. One could not be a week of the summer or the autumn there without meeting the Americans who were always warmly welcomed. Wilfred has as great an affinity for the Americans as had Alice in those latter years when, like Columbus, she discovered America. They come and sit in the spacious room where she used to sit by the ingle-nook,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and they hang entranced over the precious relics, the letters and documents and contemporary portraits and familiar things, not only of that lovely house-mistress, but of Francis Thompson, of Coventry Patmore, of George Meredith. The Meynells in fact were in touch with pretty well all literary England in the later Victorian and Edwardian days. Their touch with literature goes much further back. Dickens and Ruskin were among the friends of Alice Meynell's parents. Indeed, if one was to name those with whom the family had touch, the list would cover much of what was illustrious in the England of their time. Many people besides Americans come to Greatham still, solacing the loneliness of the one left behind. Greatham is never for a moment lonely.

This family settlement which might well give a lead to many others is filled all the summer long with children and grandchildren, with visitors and friends. When we were there this summer, there was a delicious little party from a South London slum, consisting of three children between five and nine. One can hardly imagine what a paradise Greatham must have been to such children. Madeleine Lucas, the widow of E. V. Lucas's younger brother, who was killed in the war, works among the poor in those parts when she is in London. Some of her poor children come to Greatham summer after summer.

I should love to see Greatham as it is now, through the eyes of those children. There is a beautiful lawn overlooked by that room in which Alice Meynell used to sit. It stretches down to the tennis lawns, beyond which opens a gate into the woods. Imagine having a whole wood all to yourself—its majestic trees, its birds and rabbits and squirrels, its flowers and hidden places, its little streams, the stars over it at night! When I try to see through the eyes of Jimmy, aged five, on his first seeing Greatham, I feel like the small birds emerging from the egg in Hans Andersen's "Ugly Duckling"! "Dear, dear, how great the world is," said the little ducklings. "This is not the world at all," the mother said, "the world is much bigger than you can see. It stretches quite beyond the hayrick and as far as the parson's field."

Think of Jimmy then, new 'scaped from the one-roomed tenement in Southwark, the narrow court, the roaring, mean streets. "What a great place the world is," says Jimmy, after his train journey and motor drive. He looks over the world of Greatham —velvet lawn, gay flower-beds, little paths running through apple orchards, hedged on either side by all the sweet-smelling flowers, the swimming pool, the pine wood where one gathers baskets of pine cones for the fire, where we go a-picknicking, the miles and miles of feathery bracken, woods full of sun and shade, on every hand. A sweet silence only broken by croon of a wood pigeon, the early song of a robin—over all the beneficent downs.

We made excursions by bus to the most delicious villages, where we had tea in wonderful gardens. Such teas as only these islands can produce. Once it was in a building that had been a forge, centuries old and keeping still its big bellows, and its anvil. We jogged home again of evenings, happy and tired with other rustican people in the bus, through a fair and smiling country and at the cross-roads where we had to leave the bus, there was a baby cart hidden in the bracken to give Jimmy a ride home. What a wonderful world it must have been to Jimmy and the other children. I could write a book about Greatham and Palace Court and the Meynells which would be nearly as long as Viola Meynell's memoirs of her mother.

I have said that Greatham was altered during the years in which I had been away. It had been taking shape. The hand of an accomplished gardener had been over it. The lawn and the garden had taken shape. From the little settlement of houses beside the road, beautiful with their courtyard and velvet lawns edged about with fragrant country flowers, a little brick-paved path ran down hill to the bungalow. The bungalow is for Greatham's visitors who would stay a week, a month, as long as they pleased. Greatham's hospitalities are not stinted. The path was heavenly, it must have been made for the feet of fairies or small children or little harmless creatures. I am sure the rabbits played there of nights, scampering up and down. One always felt one's adult presence an intrusion there. Phlox and stocks and hollyhocks brushed you as you went down that path in the late summer, and the small trees were full of apples. It must be more beautiful still in spring. When the hot weather came, and all the grandchildren arrived home from school, the swimming pool, which was really a rather beautiful bath with a classical figure presiding over the bathers, was full of bobbing heads and shoulders and gay laughter. The bungalow was low and thatched, with charming windows under the thatch. You entered it by brick-built steps; the garden rose a little in front of it. As you looked away from the door you saw across a green lawn the downs, as they might be mountains. There was a sunken garden under the windows; at the back there was open woodland.

Greatham sits, I think, in the most rural place within easy distance of London. The fool has said in his heart, "They are building all over England, there is no country left"—but here is country deep and undisturbed. I can imagine nothing more gracious than a host to keep a bungalow for his visitors. I commend the idea to those in a position to practise it. We are all rather withdrawn in these countries since the war. We have not the graciousness of ante-war days; only in great houses is there enough space for visitors. We are living in a compressed way and we are used to our solitude. The bungalow has accomodation for two or three people very comfortably. It has, miracle of miracles, an efficient hot-water supply, no wardrobes but an overflowing abundance of books and pictures, precious relics all of them. You can read "Washing Bill" of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's, if you please,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or "The Poet's Letters to His Wife." I had a Browning room. The books were all Browning books, Browning pictures hung on the walls, a landscape by Pen Browning was on the wall over my bed. There was a terrible Saint Sebastian which had belonged to Casa Guidi standing by the wall. It was a life-size nude figure of the saint which I did not like. I thought it more nude than saintly, but doubtless that was my ignorance. We spent a happy month in the bungalow, where Padraic Colum had spent his honeymoon, where we had many distinguished predecessors. There was hardly anything in the bungalow that was not memorable. Who could think of wardrobes among the Browning relics?

Another room was dedicated to Manning and Newman among other Victorian celebrities. A young lady sleeping in that room remarked on the strangeness of Cardinal Manning signing an affectionate letter, "H. E. Cardinal Manning." She thought H. E. meant His Eminence. I had to explain to her it was only the initials of his name, Henry Edward.

It was invidious the manner in which the bungalow was given over to things to satisfy the admiring mind. One hung one's clothes in a strange nook under the book-shelves where the spiders respected them. One might have been as guiltless of clothes as Saint Sebastian's picture, for all the count that was taken of them. No clothes could be haughty under the circumstances. But a month at the bungalow after a London summer was paradise to more than Jimmy. The coming and going of the family was delightful. One wakened in the morning to a swift rush of young feet down the delectable path and a plunge into the swimming pool. There was never a place more alive. The London children came selling you the London evening papers in which the news was very stale, or went by on a scooter which seemed to rush straight for the swimming pool. There were young voices on the tennis court. Wilfred came and brought you his visitors. We lit a fire of pine cones of evenings, and the daughters and some of the grandchildren came in and sat round it with us.

The patriarchal system, so much to be envied, so capable of imitation, is to be repeated this winter in the house in Palace Court where each of the daughters and their families will have a floor to themselves. There will be open again the rooms made beautiful and memorable by Alice Meynell's presence, and her survivor, who is as a tree which shelters all the birds, will still through all the year, without any consideration of London schools or London occupations, house his brood, and his friends will come and go when the winter is upon Greatham.

Love

Love is the loneliest thing I know.
It hews out hollows in the heart
It cannot fill.

GENE SETON.

SOUP AND BREAD LINES

By JOHN O'GRADY,
Secretary of the National Conference of Catholic Charities

SOUP kitchens and bread lines—I found twenty of them in a city visited recently. In this city the police department seems to be giving most of its attention to "feeding the hungry and harboring the harborless." Women of social standing are vying with one another for the front pages in order to tell their tale. One newspaper has opened its own clothing department and daily exhibits front-page pictures of lines of bedraggled men, women and children waiting to share its bounty. To add more color to the picture one outstanding citizen has suggested an interesting departure. America experienced very little difficulty in feeding, clothing and housing an army of 4,000,000 men. Why not use our army experience in caring for the unemployed? This gentleman had been one of the outstanding figures in the Quartermaster's Corps of the army during the World War. He now volunteers to place his experience at the disposal of his city in caring for its workless. He proposes to establish one central depot in which all the unemployed will be rationed and, curiously, one of the metropolitan dailies has commended his program very highly.

In another city I discovered many of the old-time lodging-houses practically abandoned. Public buildings had been thrown open for the housing of the unemployed and the "wobblies" decided to move into new quarters.

Up to two weeks ago a certain city, noted for its highly efficient relief organizations, boasted of its immunity from soup kitchens and bread lines. It was fully prepared to care for all its needs through the established agencies. Its community chest has been phenomenally successful. Some women of social standing had endeavored to organize soup kitchens on the public square, but through the influence of the chest and its allies they were not permitted to tell their tale on the front pages or even on the back pages, and so their projects died aborning. But emotionalism was bound to find an outlet, even in this well-organized city. Two weeks ago a prominent citizen announced the opening of a soup kitchen under his personal auspices. He could not be shut out from the publicity on which such enterprises commonly feed. The establishment has been serving 500 to 700 persons for three meals a day. What greater proof of its need? In answer to this argument a prominent social worker turned my attention to the situation in a lodging-house operated by one of the established agencies. This institution had a capacity of 1,000. During the preceding weeks it had accommodated an average of 500 men every night. All men coming to the house in the late evening were given a night's lodging and breakfast, without any question. They might remain at the lodging-house as long as they were unemployed, and secure their "three squares" provided they were willing to do about one hour's work a day. Only 71 of the 500 could muster sufficient energy to face the "wood pile." Why should they? Work or no work, the superintendent could not deny them a night's lodging and a morning meal. For dinner and supper they were accommodated at the soup kitchens.

Soup kitchens and bread lines are a part of an emotional wave that has been spreading over the country during the past few months. The American people have tasted suffering and privation to a greater degree than ever before. They are thoroughly aroused. Something must be done and the soup kitchen or bread line is an easy way out. For many leaders, and would-be leaders, it represents an easy road to fame. For

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

business it affords inexpensive publicity. Compared with the emotional thrill that comes from the soup kitchen, the work of the established agencies seems staid and reserved. It is much easier to hand a man a slice of bread and a bowl of soup or a new nickel than to sit down with him, share his burdens and, as far as possible, bring him to the point where he can bear his burdens alone. The man in the bread line has very frequently abandoned a wife and children in another city; he is very frequently the type that will not work, even under the best of conditions. Have you ever tried to get him to shovel the snow when he appeared at your front door?

Like the emotionalism they express, soup kitchens and bread lines will pass, and then the established agencies will have to pick up the wreckage. In the meantime they are giving the people a wrong impression in regard to the work of existing agencies. In many places they are accepted as a reflection on the work of the family relief agencies. Any St. Vincent de Paul visitor can assure you that their basic principles have long since been discredited.

A Catholic priest recently organized a bread line because, as he stated, he felt that the Church should make some outstanding contribution in this critical period. Is this all that the Church can contribute out of the vast storehouse of her experience? Is this all we shall have to offer when our critics ask for a presentation of our works? Fortunately, no! We have nearly twenty thousand members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society participating actively and systematically in the relief of want. We have some fifty-eight diocesan organizations of Catholic charity that are carrying the largest relief load in all their history. Why not build on the rich experience of mother Church?

COMMUNICATIONS

SOLEMNIZING THE CANONIZATION OF THE AMERICAN MARTYRS

Auriesville, N. Y.

TO the Editor: After the beatification, or canonization, of a servant, or servants of God, it is customary to solemnize the event by devoting one or more days to special services in their honor.

When the martyrs were beatified in 1925, nearly every archbishop and bishop in the United States petitioned the Holy See individually for permission to solemnize the beatification and to celebrate the feast in their respective dioceses. The permission was readily granted and the feast was made general in the United States, by rescript of the Congregation of Rites, dated October 26, 1927. The date of the feast is now September 26.

Shortly before the canonization, to spare our hierarchy, as well as the Sacred Congregation of Rites, the trouble of individual petitions, the postulator of the cause of the martyrs, the Reverend Charles Miccinelli, suggested that if one archbishop would request permission to solemnize the event, on behalf of all the archbishops and bishops who might desire it, the Holy Father would be pleased to grant it. Accordingly, His Eminence Cardinal Hayes kindly agreed, and on June 29, the day of the canonization, the petition was granted by a rescript of the Sacred Congregation. The petition and rescript are as follows:

> Most Holy Father:
>
> Patrick Joseph Cardinal Hayes, Archbishop of New York, on behalf of the archbishops and bishops of the United States, begs of Your Holiness the favor of being authorized to celebrate in the churches and public oratories of their respective dioceses where the feast of the Blessed Martyrs of America and Canada, John de Brébeuf and Companions, are and will still be celebrated, a solemn triduum in honor of these same new martyr saints within a year from their canonization.

New York and the Other Dioceses of the United States of North America

The Sacred Congregation of Rites, in virtue of faculties specially granted to it by our Most Holy Lord Pius XI, in consideration of the peculiar circumstances in this instance, after hearing favorably the pleas urged by Very Reverend Father Charles Miccinelli of the Society of Jesus, and postulator of this cause,has readily granted the indult requested to hold for three days, to be designated by the local ordinary, celebrations in honor of the Holy Martyrs, John de Brébeuf and Companions, in the churches or public oratories of their respective dioceses in the United States of North America with the privilege of the indulgence, plenary and partial, to be gained in the usual form of the Church, keeping however the instruction of the Congregation of Rites appended to this rescript: notwithstanding anything to the contrary whatsoever.

C. Card. Laurenti,
S.R.C. Praefectus.
Alphonsus Carini,
S.R.C. Secretarius.

June 29, 1930.

Instruction of the Sacred Congregation of Rites on the Privileges which are usually granted by the Sovereign Pontiff through a rescript of the same Sacred Congregation, for the solemn celebration of three or eight days within a year after a beatification or canonization.

I. In the solemnities, whether of three or of eight days which are permitted to be held in honor of any saint or blessed, all the Masses should be said, owing to the peculiarity of the celebration, with Gloria and Credo and with the Gospel of Saint John at the end, unless the rubrics call for another Gospel.

II. The solemn or sung Mass should be said with one prayer only, if another Mass be celebrated, of the Office of the day; otherwise only commemorations for doubles of the second class should be made and all others which are allowed in doubles of the first class. Low Masses, however, should be said with all the occurring commemorations, excluding the prayers which in Masses *de tempore* are appointed for the second and third place and the Collects. For the Preface follow the rubrics of the Missal and the Decrees.

III. Only doubles of the first class, Sundays of the same class, and privileged ferias, vigils and octaves which exclude the aforesaid doubles, prevent the high Mass. Doubles of the second class, Sundays of the same class, and ferias, vigils and octaves which exclude such doubles of the first and second class, also prevent low Masses. In these cases of impediment, the Masses to be said are of the current feast or Sunday, or other days privileged as above, as the rite of the day requires, with commemoration of the saint or blessed, under one conclusion only, with the first prayer. The commemoration, however, should be omitted on a primary double of the first class of Our Lord for the Universal Church, except on the second and third ferias after Easter and Pentecost, when it is permitted.

IV. In churches where conventual Mass should be celebrated, such Mass is never to be omitted.

V. If pontifical Mass of the saint or blessed be said *ad thronum,* Terce is not to be sung as the bishop vests, but None; and this hour is always of the saint or blessed. It cannot, however, be substituted as satisfying the obligation of the Office this None hour of the day.

VI. Although all the Masses, even those in private only, may be impeded, it is always, however, permitted to celebrate solemnly second Vespers of the saint or blessed without any commemoration, but these Vespers of the new saint or blessed cannot serve to satisfy for the duty of reading the Divine Office.

VII. Other ecclesiastical functions besides the above may always be held with the consent of the ordinary, as, for instance, sermons during the solemn Mass, panegyrics in the evening, prayers in honor of the saint or blessed; and espe-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cially solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. On the last day of the triduum or octave, the hymn "Te Deum" with the versicles "Benedicamus Patrem . . . Benedictus est . . . Domine, exaudi . . . Dominus vobiscum . . ." and the prayer, "Deus, cujus misericordiæ . . ." with its own conclusion should never be omitted before the "Tantum ergo" . . . and the prayer of the Most Holy Sacrament. To those who with contrite heart during the time in question shall visit the church or public oratory and pray there as above, he grants a partial indulgence of one hundred days, obtainable once each day, applicable also to the souls in purgatory.
May 22, 1912.

I believe that this information will be of interest and service to the readers of THE COMMONWEAL.

REV. P. F. CUSICK, S.J.

"ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE CHURCH"

Frankford, Pa.

TO the Editor: In the letter on religious conditions in France as I saw them, appearing in THE COMMONWEAL of December 31, I note two errors. I should like to call them to your attention before someone else does.

First: it should be *la fille ainée de l'église*. I never heard France called "Beloved," but usually she is called "Eldest" Daughter of the Church. I hope she is "Beloved" also!

The other error occurs in the sentence on page 243 which should read: "The works of modern French philosophers and scientists, such as J. Maritain, Jacques Chevalier, "Pertinax" and others . . ." As it stands, one would think that "Pertinax" was the *nom de plume* of Jacques Chevalier. Of course, this is not true. Chevalier is a professor of philosophy at Grenoble, a student of Bergson and a writer of philosophical and biographical books. "Pertinax" is the pen-name of a Paris journalist, who has written also, but chiefly about politics.

ALICE M. RUSSELL.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: In the December 31 issue of THE COMMONWEAL, Miss Alice M. Russell tells us about the spiritual condition of France at present, as she saw it. Her letter is very interesting. I, also, have done a bit of traveling over there and made some observations.

I fully agree with Miss Russell that there is at present a great dearth of Catholic priests in France, and I also admit there there is a scarcity of men attending Holy Mass. These conditions are plainly obvious and Miss Russell's conclusions are sound. There are two points, however, on which I am not quite in accord with Miss Russell.

She tells us that the government is actively anti-religious. I disagree there. The government is not anti-religious. It cannot afford to be. Such ministries as the Combes, the Waldeck Rousseau of older times, the Caillaux and Herriot of more recent date, who may be classified as out of sympathy with the Church, all had a very tempestuous and short official life; none of them ever enjoyed the confidence, the prestige, I could almost say the affection of a Poincaré. A great deal could be said. Just allow me to point out one or two salient facts. The French government possesses two wonderful decorations: Les Palmes Académique and La Légion d'Honneur. These it awards to its citizens and others both at home and abroad for meritorious deeds in various fields of endeavor. These decorations are very, very highly prized and very much thought of and it is an actual fact that a very great number of clerics—priests and nuns—are now wearing that decoration. The late Cardinal Dubois of cherished memory was Grand Croix de la Légion d'Honneur. But the awarding of such honors was not confined to those in high places. I know a very much loved priest right here in New York, a man whose piety and devotion are only equaled by his love for his mother country, who was awarded this decoration and deservedly so. Again, let us bear in mind the recent Eucharistic Congress at Tunis and consider the courtesy, I can almost say the homage, there paid to the high prelates and church dignitaries attending.

Miss Russell tells us further that to be pious is a social and business handicap. Well, hardly. Monsignor Baudrillat is one of the Forty Immortals and is adding luster to that wonderful institution known as the French Academy. General de Castelnau and the late Marshal Foch surely were devoted to the Church, and their well-known piety was no handicap to them. And to come down to the present day, witness that great poet and eminent statesman, Paul Claudel, French Ambassador to the United States, promoted from an unimportant post in the far East to the all important one at Washington; and Monsieur Claudel may be called a model Catholic layman.

I agree with Miss Russell that there is a renaissance taking place in France just now, and to prove my point in the shortest possible way I will just mention one word. That word is *calotin*. Some twenty or more years ago such a word was anathema and used very extensively, now it is scarcely ever heard.

Indeed, yes, France is *la fille ainée de l'église*. Since the days of Charlemagne, I may say since the days of Clovis, and down through the ages to the days of the Third Republic she has written many brilliant pages into the annals of the Church.

FRANK D'ORANGE.

ON JUDGE CLARK'S OPINION

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: If the Tenth Amendment to the United States Constitution does not restrict Article V to the extent that surrender of rights reserved to the people must be submitted to constitutional conventions elected by the people, it is difficult to imagine what the language of that amendment means. If the rights of the people reserved to them can be surrendered, not by their own representatives, but by state legislatures chosen for distinctly other purposes, and perhaps chosen at a time when the question was not an issue, then plainly they can be deprived of those rights without their consent. The contention of Mr. Desvernine, therefore, that Article V made the state legislatures the agents of the people to adopt amendments involving those rights and that that article was in no respect affected by the Tenth Amendment sounds for from convincing. If correct, the people's reserved rights are held under a most precarious tenure. Are not the people entitled to chose their own agents to determine whether or not their own rights will be forfeited?

Mr. Desvernine implies that the right to drink intoxicating liquor is not a reserved right. Why not? The power to suppress it has not, in the Constitution as originally adopted, been delegated to the United States government, nor prior to the Eighteenth Amendment was it prohibited to either the states or the people. Furthermore, it is a natural right. One is entitled to the use of all nature's gifts. It is only the abuse, not the use, of them, that government may prevent; but this is accomplished by regulation, and not by prohibition.

Mr. Desvernine, therefore, concludes from a premise that cannot be proved. It would be well for him to get down to fundamentals and argue from first principles.

JOHN E. DONNELLY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT IS CAPITALISM?

Providence, R. I.

TO the Editor: "What is capitalism?" asks Henry Binsse. Capitalism is the name given to the economic system where the capitalist eats his capital and has it too. Under capitalism men are paid a bonus, if they are lucky enough to possess capital, over and above the depreciation of their capital.

Again, under capitalism capital becomes a representation of wealth. The great bulk of the wealth existing is only the accumulation of capital. That is, less than 5 percent of the total wealth existing at any one time is available for satisfying the needs of all the people. That is, there are approximately four hundred billions of capital in this country at the present time; the annual product is about ninety billions, or at the most about ten billions available for the satisfaction of wants during any one month, and nearly half of that goes to capital. And even ten billions is but 2½ percent of four hundred billions, but out of generosity in argument let us call it 5 percent.

Now, it does seem that with a whole lot less capital, the maintenance and increase of which at present requires the labor of nearly half the workers in the country, there would be just as much if not more current product available to the people. But the more efficient the workers were and the more they could do without capital, the less capital accumulation and therefore the less "wealth." So, capitalism can only thrive by robbing the workers of their efficiency. The more inefficient the people, the wealthier the capitalists. The capitalistic cultivation of inefficiency brings about forced growth of capital with its phantasm of wealth, and we call the process capitalism.

M. P. CONNERY.

ONE WAR-TIME CHRISTMAS

Silver City, N. M.

TO the Editor: Allow me to congratulate Mark O. Shriver, the author of "One War-time Christmas," for his vivid description of Christmas, 1918, which our American boys enjoyed so immensely at Jussey—"Juicy," as the doughboys called it—Haute-Saône, France.

Yet may I not be permitted for the sake of geographical accuracy to offer a few remarks? May I state that I have been through Jussey many times in my life, also that in 1901 I served in the Thirty-fifth Regiment of Infantry at Belfort, and finally that my family comes from Mulhouse, Alsace, which facts render me quite familiar with the region referred to in the article? And now to my remarks:

(1) Jussey is not on the border of Alsace. All proportions respected, it would be just as inexact to write that Albuquerque is on the border of Mexico.

(2) Jussey is not near Belfort. Making the same reservation as above, it is as inaccurate to say that Jussey is near Belfort as it would be to say that Dallas is close to El Paso.

(3) And now to the gem, if it may be so called. The writer tells us of "a certain dull grey afternoon when a great lumbering truck . . . slid into town just as the sun was sinking behind the distant Vosges." Jussey lies east of the Plateau de Langres, south of the Monts Faucilles, well west of the Vosges chain of mountains. In view of this, just one reflection: In my mind, Mr. Shriver has the sun doing a *tour de force* compared to which its standing still at the order of Joshua is only a *jeu d'enfant*. Imagine the sunset taking place not in the western sky but in the distant east! That is the picture the writer paints for us to admire.

REV. HENRY HEITZ.

DISTRACTIONS OF A CHURCHGOER

Dubuque, Iowa.

TO the Editor: The spirit of yearning underlying the multitudinous "distractions" of one who so charmingly designates herself as a "churchgoer" (in THE COMMONWEAL for October 22) and of her sympathetic commentators since, helps one to visualize how many of our people would prefer to find in themselves the "actions" of a "worshiper" while assisting at Sunday Mass.

The stumbling block in most cases would seem to be one of realization: failure to realize that the Mass is an act—the act of sacrifice. Sacrifice (in the strict sense of the term, as the offering of an external gift) is the one way by which man can adequately acknowledge that God is God and that we, His creatures, are absolutely dependent upon Him. Prayer is not enough. As the unique means of this due worship, sacrifice (again in the strict meaning) is necessary, being demanded by man's bodily nature as well as ordered by Divine decree. Because of God's infinite love for us, in the Mass He supplies us with a perfect gift to offer and a perfect sacrifice—the Body and Blood of Christ, the unbloody continuation of Calvary as the only sacrifice now acceptable to God.

Would failure to realize these things—what sacrifice in the strict sense of the term is, how necessary it is for living a religious life, and how hearing Mass means taking part (through active union with the priest) in the offering of the Sacrifice of the Mass—would not such lack of understanding explain how even the well-intentioned Catholic might employ "distraction" instead of "action," might become a "churchgoer" rather than a "worshiper" at Mass? Would it not explain the carelessness of the lukewarm "late-comers," and the bored eagerness of those "pillars" of the Church who are habitually set for the frantic dash for freedom at the first legal moment? A fortiori, would it not explain the calmness with which some of the darker colored lambs of the flock acknowledge the missing of Mass through their own fault, a calmness which at times moves the confessor to wonder if some of our people have any idea of the Mass, beyond that it's a mortal sin to miss it on Sunday—and privately he doubts their realization of what it is to commit a mortal sin!

Who is responsible for this lack of realization? And what is the remedy?

REV. URBAN M. CHURCHILL.

I LOVE SAINT PETER

Greenfield, Mass.

TO the Editor: Helen Walker Homan's declaration of love for Saint Peter in this week's issue set me working with tears in my eyes, tears of laughter. After nourishment as delicious as that, one is so heartened that one can even grope for the answer to the eternal question in the family budget, if not more successfully at least with greater equanimity. It is a pertinent reminder of our real treasures, and a sweetly welcome one.

I immediately ordered two more copies, one for a seminarian and the other for a friend who is rounding out an eight-year course in wheel-chair philosophy.

Please ask Mrs. Homan to give us some more. THE COMMONWEAL would thereby be putting its readers all the more in its debt, and would also be helping the author toward making herself even surer than she is now of receiving due and substantial proof that the love between her and the dear Keeper of the Gate is by no means a one-sided affair.

ELIZABETH ANNE KELLEHER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Philip Goes Forth

A CERTAIN rejoicing fills the hearts of jaded theatre reviewers at that season of the year when a new play by George Kelly or Philip Barry or Martin Flavin or Sidney Howard breaks through the banalities of Broadway. Not that the authorship of any one of these men is a guarantee of a good play. Each has concocted plays of decidedly mediocre proportions. But at least their work is of a high enough average to give one a certain anticipatory delight. In recent years, George Kelly has failed, more frequently than the others, to fulfil this anticipation. Certainly in "Behold, the Bridegroom—" and in "Maggie the Magnificent" there was little of the Kelly who convulsed a continent with the "Show Off" and stung the eternal feminine with "Craig's Wife"—a few bright illuminations of character here and there, perhaps, a few biting phrases, but with his positive genius for reporting and re-creating American character far overshadowed by his vain attempt to reach for "higher significances."

George Kelly is distinctly not a poet-playwright. He is above all else a commentator, after the fashion of Bernard Shaw in four-fifths of the latter's work. Shaw, of course, has demonstrated that he has something of the poet in him as well. No one utterly without the poetic gift could possibly have written "Saint Joan." But Shaw's prevalent mood is that of commentator, a mood which he amplifies through his voluminous and entertaining prefaces. George Kelly does not write prefaces, because his comments are on characters and customs rather than on social or moral or economic conditions. But his best plays are full-fledged comments, none the less, unembroidered and unilluminated by either the gift of prophecy or the insight of the true poet. When he attempted a deep psychological study in "Behold, the Bridegroom—," he failed to create and infuse into it that breath of quivering life which might have given it illusion and unity. O'Neill, for all his mental quirks and disordered philosophy, cannot, for the life of him, write a page that is not instinct with poetic life. Neither, in a lighter vein, can Philip Barry. But when George Kelly reaches for the stars, he is apt to pick up only a stone-cold meteorite. Fortunately in his latest play, "Philip Goes Forth," he has turned his aspirations back to earth and written a happy if uninspired comment on that youthful egotism which expresses itself in a desire to run away from practical affairs and "do something significant." In this case, the subject of Kelly's kindly but pointed comment is Philip Eldridge, son of a Middle-Western manufacturer, who is sure that he has an inborn genius for writing plays.

At this point, it is only fair to say that if George Kelly has little or nothing of the poet in him, the real importance, amounting to genius, of his comments is rarely appreciated. The form in which he presents them is generally so homely and simple and direct that their fundamental shrewdness often passes for mere wit and comedy. The truth is that Kelly does discover universals—though not in the same way that the poet discovers them. The same difference that you find between philosophers, such as Plato and Aristotle, you find between such playwrights as O'Neill and Kelly. You also find the same difference between such essayists as Chesterton and Belloc. When Chesterton writes history, every page glows with poetic imagination. When Belloc writes history, each page is vigorous with the meaning of concrete events. And so it happens that when O'Neill, at his best, describes characters, you feel them as timeless life forces in struggle, whereas the same people treated by George Kelly emerge as concrete characters of this day and time, giving vent to their universal foibles in the familiar modes of the present. Yet I venture to say that "Craig's Wife," as a type, has been found in every generation of history and in every land, and that the "Show Off" would have paraded as familiarly through the Palais Royal gardens in 1789 or through the streets of Athens under Pericles as through the Pennsylvania station today. One might sum it up by saying that O'Neill writes of the universals in character and Kelly of the universals in characters.

There are a few passages in "Philip Goes Forth" when Kelly's comments degenerate into long-winded preachments, and these passages are dull and impeding. But most of the play sparkles with all the early brilliancy of Kelly's best work. In Philip's indignation at his father for not understanding his desire to write plays, in his flight to New York and the odd contacts he makes there in a boarding-house run by an ex-theatrical star, in the downright wisdom and charity of that most interesting landlady, in the pale and quivering earnestness of Miss Krail, the faded poetess, in the somber pride and ultimate suicide of the "merely good" pianist, Haines, in the gas-bag absurdities of Mr. Shronk, Philip's mentor, and in the conspiracy of false values created around Philip by the widowed Mrs. Oliver and her lovely daughter, Cynthia—in all these characters and situations, Kelly has drawn a masterly if deceptively mild picture of what it is that makes people want to do what they were never intended to do. A hundred minor touches furnish that atmosphere of plausibility and photographic exactness which make Kelly one of the very best mirrors we have of contemporary life.

The play, as usual, is directed by Mr. Kelly, and is cast with a finely sensitized feeling for type. Harry Ellerbe, a newcomer on Broadway, projects himself at once into the Glenn Hunter class of juveniles, with a pleasant freedom from mannerism. Cora Witherspoon as the effusive widow and Marion Barney as the fine old landlady are both in their very best vein. Dorothy Stickney as Miss Krail is a bit inclined to overdo a tempting part, giving it an excess comedy flavor not quite indicated in all that is said about her in the last act. Harry Gresham as the ubiquitous Shronk is matchless, and Madge Evans is a captivating Cynthia. In spite of its second-act languor, this play is far above the recent Broadway average. (At the Biltmore Theatre.)

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

PHILIP BARRY, another of the playwrights whose work often marks the crest of a season, has apparenty come under the spell of psychoanalytical dabbling. From the gay and delicious charm of "Holiday" to the heavy symbolism of "Hotel Universe" was a long step. His current play, "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," is another step in the same direction—the impetus being the theme of Elisha and the Shunammite woman as it might be interpreted in a modern version by Messrs. Freud and Jung.

In the biblical story, the childless woman of Shunam is given a child through the prayers of Elisha, whom this woman and her husband have befriended and taken into their home.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Later, the child dies from a strange malady and is brought back to life by the prophet. It evidently occurred to Mr. Barry that he could improve considerably upon this theme by substituting an itinerant lecturer on psychiatry for the prophet, a love affair between the lecturer and the wife of his host for Elisha's fruitful prayers, and a brief psychoanalytic treatment, about ten years later, for the prophet's miracle in behalf of the child. Since Mr. Barry quotes the opening text of the biblical story on the program, the purpose of this modern "rationalization" can hardly be mistaken.

There can be no question of Mr. Barry's skill as a playwright. His dialogue is matchless. His unspoken dialogue is even better. He is one of the few living playwrights who know the full implications of a silence. He can also convey minor shadings of emotion with a delicate pliancy that seems to heap meanings upon very minor incidents. For this very reason, the essential crudity of his present story has gone unchallenged in the critical columns. With one of the most suitable casts Gilbert Miller has ever furnished, the play progresses from one maudlin absurdity to another with such outer grace and charm that its inner implications apparently pass unnoticed. If—let us suppose—Professor Nicholas Hay and Eve Redman had been swept into their love in a moment of weakness, had felt its disloyalty so keenly that they separated for years, and if the professor's return to save the life of his own child could have resulted in a climax of renunciation, then, aside from the biblical travesty, the play might have had some understandable values. It is only in the extreme puritan tradition that wrongdoing can never be mitigated by repentance. But a moral wrong, involving the added implications of disloyalty, which not only goes unrepented but becomes a source of secret pride, is quite another matter. Eve Redman rejoices in the knowledge of her child's true father. Hay does not learn of his parenthood until the last act—though why he should never have suspected it is a bit hazy. But once he does learn, he can think of only one thing, persuading Eve to come away with him. Her reason for not doing this is simply that she cannot bear to inflict such a blow and discovery on her solidly good husband. Hence a final parting with tears under light flippancy.

If ever a well-written play showed complete topsy-turveydom of moral and spiritual values, it is this one. Nor does it rate much better when it comes to plausibility of the action itself. Even a skilled psychiatrist might well be puzzled at the rapidity of the child's cure in the last act—in spite of long theoretical explanations of the psychic cause of the illness itself. Psychiatric treatment is seldom notably swift in achieving its results. To be asked to believe that a fatal illness can be cured in five minutes of honeyed words from ever so skilful a doctor is to have one's credulity tried too far.

I do not deny for a minute the sensitiveness with which Barry has delineated emotions. If plays had nothing to do with life and the experience of truth, one might be able to join the chorus of praise for a well-written and beautifully acted play. One must even admit that there are many people who might act and think and feel as Barry's characters do. But they would not deserve the implied comments of the play itself. They would not be cast in heroic or exalted mold. Their essential disloyalty—the more pronounced because it brings no qualms—would not be held up for sympathy and admiration. It is in such cases that the intentions and viewpoint of the author play a large part in the ultimate valuation of a story. Mr. Barry's excursions into experimental psychology have not, up to the present, been helpful. What some would call his "mechanism of projection" tells too many tales of a deep confusion in the only life values that count. (At Henry Miller's Theatre.)

BOOKS

An American Poet

Selected Poems of Thomas Walsh, with a Memoir by John Bunker, and Appreciations by Edward L. Keyes and Michael Williams. New York: The Dial Press. $2.50.

OUT OF the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. This book of poems is the expression of superabundant intellectual and emotional vitality. I wish I had known the man—but I come very close to him in these papers, because they reveal not only his art but his life. There are writers who seem forced to choose betwen the art of composition and the art of living; in that last and most terrible of all his plays, "When We Dead Awaken," Ibsen confessed that he had gained the whole world and lost his life. He had sacrificed the joys of friendship, of beauty, of communion with nature and with human nature, in order to produce works of literary art. He had spent his life in a solitary chamber; when he was old, he said that his entire life seemed to have been one quiet afternoon.

Thomas Walsh had a gorgeous personality, with an endless capacity for appreciation and for enthusiasm. He was, like Browning, a city man. He walked the gardens of this world where the chief flowers are men, women and children. To him a crowded street was as necessary as is a laboratory to a chemist and a library to a historian.

"Scenting the world, looking it full in face," he gazed on contemporary life from the background of scholarship; a scholarship which made him at home in many languages and in past ages, but which never separated him from the living moment. A profound scholar and an ardent Catholic, his mind, instead of being withdrawn into ascetic contemplation, was made more sensitive and keen. I wish many Protestants would read these poems, for they show how enormously religion, when truly believed and deeply felt, may add to buoyant happiness. Here was a man whose nature was fed and refreshed every day by religion, learning and art.

I believe it was Jean Paul Richter, a writer almost forgotten today, who said that every great poet carries his greatest poems with him into his grave. Although Shakespeare had a more accurate power of expression than any other man, his richest wealth we shall never know.

The personality of Thomas Walsh gave vitality to his verse; and he was also a consummate artist. Somehow or other, he seems to have escaped from the soul's civil war. There was some mysterious power of synthesis in the man, which brought into harmony the flame of aspiration and the jovial delights of the dinner table; which relieved the solitude of serious studies by the joys of convivial conversation. I suspect it was partly his love of beauty and his abounding humor.

Even if we knew nothing of his habits or his tastes, we should still enjoy this book, for it contains genuine poetry. His sonnets, his lyrics, his ballads, his romantic pieces, his narratives, are filled with beautiful lines and original expressions. Yet there is never any straining after originality. He finds English meters sufficient to contain his ideas and his melodies. He attracts attention not by singing out of tune, but by singing well. And among all these passionate poems on love and beauty, I like especially the charming "Mother Goose Sonnets," which are indeed irresistible.

On sitting down to read this volume for the first time, the average person will find it highly profitable, before beginning the poems, to read the biographical appreciations.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dean Inge Still Gloomy

Christian Ethics and Modern Problems, by W. R. Inge. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.00.

THIS book is divided into seven sections, dealing with such aspects of modern life as asceticism, social ethics, personal ethics, theocratic imperialism, with an introduction and a conclusion, as also an essay upon the ethics of the New Testament. It is apparent from the closing four lines of the Preface that this volume is not far removed from the plan of an *apologia pro vita mea,* throughout which there occurs an undefined feeling that possibly this cannot be defended or perhaps that it is not adequately stated.

The Dean of St. Paul's has been a classical tutor at Oxford and consequently was acquainted with the philosophy of mysticism and chose as his subject for the Gifford Lectures at St. Andrew's University, "The Greatest Name in the Roll of Mystic Philosophers—Plotinus." These lectures were delivered in St. Andrew's during 1917 and 1918, an anxious and harrowing time to most Europeans, especially to a man domiciled in London, the nerve center of British effort, as well as the center of every rumor and each spasm of propaganda. It seems that this experience unwittingly has colored the dean's mental outlook, and somewhat dulled the happier scenes of life. Of the learning betrayed in this volume there can be no question. But the use to which it is put is another matter. It is one thing to point out the blotches on our human civilization, agreedly made worse by the holocaust of war and those inevitable sequelae which war always drags in its cruel and bitter train. But it seems that the dean is obsessed by the conditions amid which London and possibly England now lives, by the effect of unemployment, and the hurtful dole system.

Is there no other aspect of this age which has begun since monarchies fled before surge of democratic control of states and peoples?

The human mind often in its excursions into the social problems of the day finds itself amazed at what appears to be the increasing evidence of laxness, slackness, laziness. But often again a closer view of the subject will indicate that, had a proportionate basis been taken of social problems, a very different aspect or condition would result, and consequently a different interpretation would be given. It is curious to remember that during the early battles of the world war, rumors fled through France and England that the soldiers of the Allies on the Western front had seen miracles, in the sky, indicating Divine assistance to these soldiers' minds and hearts. Here was a presentation of faith in the highest powers. Again the depth of faith latent in mankind has been strikingly illustrated in London and Washington by the extraordinary cultus of the Cenotaph to the Dead, and of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, so peculiarly expressive of that devotion and that faith which can be seen surging around the shrines and the altars of the Catholic Church. As years pass this cult, this faith, this effort to understand, this desire to express mutely the brotherhood of man, shines the more steadily. Faith is not dead. Faith burns more lambently today in youth, and in those that fought in the war on sea, in the air, on land. The fact that some seized a time of distress, mental and economic, to do vile things, is not evidence of its decline.

Changes in methods of manufacture, changes in society manners, are evidences of mental movements—not of static conditions. Test Dean Inge's pessimism by the growth of charity, the perpetually increasing work of the Red Cross, the steady extension of hospital practice and provision, the continual

B. ALTMAN & CO.
FIFTH AVe. at 34th ST. Telephone: MUrray Hill 2-7000

Gentlemen's Outfitters

The
New Suits
for Spring

There is but one axiom to follow in gentlemen's clothing---Good Taste is Good Style.

Let cloths be of fine weave and harmonious coloring, let tailoring be of the best order after time-honored designs—and good clothing is certain to result.

Altman Suits for Gentlemen are noted for their correct style and thoroughgoing quality. This Spring, as always, they will be leaders in the field of fine apparel at moderate prices.

MEN'S CLOTHING
SIXTH FLOOR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEXT WEEK

POLAND'S CASE, by T. Hoinko, Secretary of the American Polish Chamber of Commerce and Industry in the United States, is a statement that explains a great deal of what is happening at present between Germany and Poland. The relations between these two countries are frequently mentioned as the potential occasions of a new war in Europe. An understanding of them is therefore of great importance. Mr. Hoinko's statement, while obviously the expression of the Polish point of view, will we believe recommend itself to everyone for its clearness and fairness. . . . EINSTEIN AS A PHYSICIST, by Karl F. Herzfeld, one of the directors of the physics laboratory at Johns Hopkins University, is a fascinating explanation of the part Einstein has played in the development of modern physics apart from relativity. This is the first of two papers on Einstein, by Dr. Herzfeld. The second, "What the Theory of Relativity Is About," will appear the week following. . . . THE COMMUNIST DANGER, by Oliver McKee, jr., is an ominously interesting survey of the recent congressional investigation which sought to determine how far Stalin's plans for world revolution have developed in the United States in response to his edict: "It is necessary that the American Communist party take the direction of future class wars in the United States." . . . JOFFRE THE TACITURN, by H. A. Jules-Bois, is a sympathetic appreciation of a strong and kindly man whom the world knew as a great soldier. . . . THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN LIBERIA, by Reverend Peter Guilday, is a story of Catholic missionary activity which through repeated tragedy still perseveres. . . . SHREW'S TEETH, by William Everett Cram, farmer and author of "Little Beasts of Field and Wood," contains most interesting nature notes on some of the smallest and least known American animals.

stream of endowments to universities, of special scholarship funds, and it must be apparent that man's faith in his duties, his rights, his privileges and his fundamental religious tenets, embodied in his duty to his neighbor, his family, his church and his Creator, is not significantly decreasing, but is gallantly and formidably working for the higher ambitions of life and mind.

The dean might think of the controversies that have passed and left the Church headed forward—while many readers of his latest volume will remember the old saying: "The Church of God is an anvil on which humanity in its tired moments has broken many a hammer of pride, many a hammer of fear, but the anvil rings always the same harmonious note." The Beatitudes will still guide the best women and the best men, and this age will have its fair and just proportion of these. Thus we can wish the Dean *Vale et Salve.*

BOYD-CARPENTER.

Harvard's Great President

Charles W. Eliot, by Henry James. Boston: Houghton Mifflin and Company. Two volumes, $10.00.

OFFICIAL biographies are not always stimulating reading. They are often only dry recitals of facts interspersed with passages of undiscriminating eulogy, and when there is anything in the subject's life which his friends and family would wish omitted, omitted it usually is. This latter difficulty Henry James fortunately did not have to contend with, for the life of President Eliot of Harvard was one of singular nobility of purpose and of action. Whatever Mr. Eliot's limitations, they were not limitations of character. America has produced few finer human beings than this Boston Puritan-Unitarian, the man whom at the time of his death many judicious minds proclaimed as the first citizen of the United States. And as regards the first weakness of this type of biography, Mr. James has proved himself worthy of the distinguished name he bears. He writes interestingly and whenever he steps aside for a moment from the setting forth of facts and comments on the actions or thoughts of the man, he does it with a rare restraint and sense of balance, leaving the reader to make his own judgments, and only by quiet suggestion giving hint of the biographer's own opinions.

Mr. James is, as one would expect, a deep admirer of Eliot. As the son of William James it is difficult to see how he could be otherwise. But he is not blind to his hero's deficiencies. Though with the passage of the years his dislike for the Catholic Church became weakened until it reached at many points admiration, he always remained a Puritan with, despite his belief in the melting-pot, an equally strong belief in the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon or rather of Protestant Anglo-Saxondom. Mr. James puts it very succinctly thus: "The late George Bendelari, a witty Neapolitan who was an instructor for a while, had his eye on one of Eliot's limitations when he explained why it was natural for the President to refuse him a reappointment. 'When he looks out of his window in the morning he expects to see me grinding a hand-organ on his doorstep.'" And then again: "Eliot's capacity to respond to the appeal of the plastic arts was probably next to none at all; but he was the first president of an American college to provide for the teaching of the fine arts, and he saw that Norton was a man with a mission almost as soon as Norton recognized it himself. Perhaps, as somebody said, he rated Whittier more highly than he did Homer; certainly a poor poem with a good moral charmed him, while a beautiful one with none left him unmoved. He could exclaim after listening to a reading of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chaucer's 'Man of Lawes Tale': 'Can you give me any reason, Mr. Briggs, why that should be preserved as literature? There is no poetry in it. The man is a miserable rascal!' But it would have distressed him to think that there was nobody in the English department who could offer a good course on Chaucer. He might say, as he did to a painter who praised one of Romney's portraits of Lady Hamilton: 'That woman should never have been painted.' But he was a devoted promoter of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts."

In short, Eliot's innate fairness of mind continually transcended his limitations of temperament and inheritance. Aside from his making Harvard the first real American university, his chief contribution to American thought was his championship of the elective system. Though nearly up to the time of his death his idea had practically revolutionized higher education in America, and to a large degree secondary education, the desirability of the elective system is today far less obvious and it has been modified in many colleges and particularly in Harvard itself. Eliot was a thorough democrat and a believer in the intelligence of the average man. Like Emerson he was an optimist, and Unitarian optimism has scarcely stood the test of the last quarter century. For after all the creed of Eliot was a materialistic one. Noble in character himself, he did not realize that what had made possible that character was a spiritual faith which he, like his age, thought had become outworn. With all admiration for the man's sincerity, his kingdom *was* of this world, although indeed he called it a republic. Splendid as an organizer and administrator, admirable as a character, he yet lacked the vision of unseen things. He stood for his age, and stood for it nobly, but it is an age which is already passing. Its weakness was what seemed to it its strength—its unthinking optimism and its trust in material welfare.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Labor's War in the South

Strike!, by Mary Heaton Vorse. New York: Horace Liveright. $2.00.

THE ELEMENT of fiction and the literary distinction of this narrative of a South Carolina textile workers' strike in 1929 are so slight that the book's claim to attention depends upon the quality of its reporting, upon its success in giving the reader a vivid and authentic conception of what such a strike really is. And it does this so well that it can be heartily recommended to anyone who feels the need of a more organized impression than is to be gained from casual or intermittent reading of the newspapers.

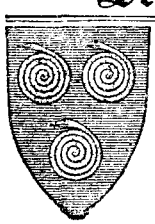
The author is frankly partizan, but never stupidly so. Uncontaminated human nature can hardly remain neutral in a struggle for the "right and dignity of human life against the crushing power of money"—specifically, in this instance, against a working day of twelve hours and twenty minutes at an average wage of $11.00 a week. Mrs. Vorse's long experience in reporting strikes in various parts of the country gives perspective and authority to her handling of this one.

The rather straggling form of the tale, which neither begins with the beginning of the strike nor ends with its end and is sprinkled with climaxes, has its justification in realism. For the strike at Stonerton is only one of "the explosion of textile strikes which in the spring of 1929 had so surprised the South and pleased the North." The strikers, a bit idealized perhaps, are still much the realest people in the book—dependent, docile, inured to extremest poverty, but getting an almost religious exaltation from the new and hopeful conception of the union.

shoe puzzles
. . . . solved!
Feet are changed by wearing different shoes year after year, day after day. Our expert chair fitting of a Pediforme "last" to your feet settles that problem. Continually you can get different styles in your Pediforme shoe.
New York — 36 West 36th St.
Brooklyn — 322 Livingston St.
Bronx — 2474 Morris Avenue
New Rochelle—275 North Ave.
East Orange—29 Washington Pl.
Pediforme

IRISH HAMS and BACON
Wiltshire Hams and Bacon
German Frankfurters
Westphalian Hams
M. H. GREENEBAUM, Inc.
220 GREENWICH STREET NEW YORK

St. Hilda Guild, Inc.



CHURCH VESTMENTS, ALTAR LINEN
Ecclesiastical Embroidery
Conferences with reference to the adornment of churches
Old Embroidery Transferred
131 EAST 47th STREET NEW YORK
EL dorado 5-1058

ST. XAVIER COLLEGE
For Women
4928 COTTAGE GROVE AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.
Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy
Liberal Arts Course, Pre-Medical, Music, Art
Teachers' Promotional Credit Classes
Autumn, Winter, and Spring Quarters
Send for Announcement

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Is The Commonweal In Your Local Library?

The friends of THE COMMONWEAL officially known as The Commonweal Subscribers National Committee have increased the circulation of THE COMMONWEAL about twenty-five percent. in the eighteen months since the committee was organized. They have done this in two ways: securing direct subscriptions from their friends who ought to be readers of THE COMMONWEAL and giving gift subscriptions, particularly to libraries and other centers of intellectual activity.

Six years ago it was difficult to get a library to accept THE COMMONWEAL as a gift. Today, THE COMMONWEAL has reached such a commanding position as a moulder of public opinion in America that it has become a necessity for a library, not only for the current reading table but also to be bound and placed for reference on the shelves.

Why not guarantee that THE COMMONWEAL will be available to readers of your local library or to some educational institution in your vicinity?

Send THE COMMONWEAL for one year to:

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY .....

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY .....

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY .....

SIGNED:

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY .....

☐ Bill subscriber directly. ☐ Bill me February 15th.
☐ Payment attached. ☐ Send gift card to recipient.
Send gift card to me.

In ordering two or more subscriptions you can take advantage of our special rate of four dollars each. Single subscriptions are five dollars. Add fifty cents for Canadian and one dollar for foreign postage to each subscription.

THE COMMONWEAL
Grand Central Terminal, New York City

C 10

The strike leaders, heroes to the workers, diabolic Northern agitators to the "comfortable" people whose security they seem to threaten, are shown actually as a group of earnest young people, bewildered and sometimes frightened by the immensity of their task, insufficient in numbers and resources, and weakened by rivalry and discord among themselves.

With the chief of the leaders dead at last by an assassin's bullet and six of the workers similarly killed, with too many of their number back at work, from pressure of need or lured by promises of improvements (which are not kept), the book closes somberly indeed. But just as no single decisive victory is to be looked for in such a struggle, so no defeat can wholly crush such an upsurging of humanity against intolerable conditions of life. "We jes' gotta go on," they are saying at the end.

ALICE JOYCE.

War and the Faith

Little Brother Goes Soldiering, by R. H. Kiernan. New York: Richard R. Smith, Incorporated. $1.50.

GETTING at the truth about the war is like getting at the truth about life. There is so much to be admitted: the horror, the bewilderment and personal defeat; the emancipation wrought by facing mortal danger for an accepted cause; the satisfaction of the workmanlike soldier; the driving adventure; the despair of emptied lives; the crushing brutality of the machine. The list could be extended indefinitely, and is actually being extended constantly by articulate and sensitive men who escaped to bear their testimony to a phenomenon we may never grasp completely, either in its roots or its results.

It is in telling over this diverse testimony that one realizes how seldom it has contained the note of simple religious heroism. That is the note of Mr. Kiernan's book, and it is a note so pure, so quiet and complete that it makes almost all the rest seem "literary" or immature. Like Remarque's book it has the form of a running journal; but it is much shorter, and is based with absolute fidelity upon the memory of its writer's sole experience. This we should have known even without the assurance given us in Stephen Gwynn's fine introduction. The book has the uninvented, indivisible quality of a single life. It is too simple and too deep to be a literary synthesis.

The author enlisted in 1918, at seventeen; joined the front-line forces when they were no longer military identities making comradeship in arms possible, but mechanical units made and unmade over night; endured his great fear alone, without any sort of human consolation; and was wounded just before the war ended. For his support—and his torment—throughout this time, he had the sharp eye and shrinking nerves of an artist, the fastidious conscience of a completely innocent Catholic boy, the unconscious, unswerving strength of a hero. Nowhere in this volume is there complaint. Nowhere is there hysteria or rebellion. Yet there are no heroics—barely a mention of cause or country. There is the quiet determination to share a burden. And there is suffering, deep and deeply and almost incuriously accepted, as if it were a recognized spiritual destiny, and conveyed with an utter simplicity which attests and enhances it.

There is little direct talk about religion: a confession, a child's prayer in the moment of fullest fear, and a last sentence: "I have made an Act of Contrition, and I think that this time it was perfect." But a rocklike moral reality underlies the whole—that reality which we recognize in life as the Faith's supreme achievement, and which we have missed too long from even the noblest of the war's chronicles.

MARY KOLARS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The South Pole Flight

Little America, by Richard Evelyn Byrd. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.00.

THE AVERAGE reader of this narrative of one of the greatest of all voyages of exploration is probably as little qualified to pass judgment upon the value to science of such a gigantic undertaking as he is to understand Einstein. It was for its value to science, however, that it was planned and carried out. Geography, geology, meteorology and cognate branches of knowledge will in due time have available the mass of data accumulated by Rear-Admiral Byrd and his coworkers in the frozen solitudes of the Antarctic. It will be for the students of such abstruse matters to determine their value. The benefits —great or small—will pass outward from the laboratories to humanity at large. Meanwhile, the records of heroic adventure, the romance of strenuous achievements of courage and will power, are richer by this volume.

Admiral Byrd is not a professional writer. His book is the work of a splendid amateur. A mass of selections from his personal diary, linked together, at times almost haphazardly, by narrative passages—its fascination is conveyed directly and continuously. It is as if you were being told the great story by word of mouth, by its leader himself, rather than as if you were merely reading a book. It is another proof of the truth of which literature presents many illustrations, that the best writing is often done by the man who does not attempt to be "literary," but who simply tells his story in the clearest and simplest of language. In the chapter describing the airplane flight to the Pole, and back to the camp at Little America, this realism of effect is absolute. Seventy-four photographs and numerous maps illustrate this saga of adventure and endurance.

T. C.

The Authentic Saint Paul

Saint Paul and His Teaching; edited by the Reverend C. Lattey, S. J. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $1.35.

THIS book is made up of a series of lectures delivered at Aberdeen, 1928-1929, under the auspices of the Aberdeen Diocesan Branch of the Catholic Truth Society of Scotland. One envies the audience that was fortunate enough to hear these lectures, but we are even more fortunate in having them in permanent form to read. I know of no work of modern apologetics that is as important as this, word for word and line for line. Every one of the lecturers is an authority on his subject.

The Reverend C. A. Corbishley establishes the background in treating of "The Life and Letters" of Saint Paul. The Reverend Alphonsus Bonnar, treats of "The Divinity of Christ," showing that Saint Paul's theology is Christocentric, and illuminating his teaching on the Godhead of Christ as against modern polemic. The Reverend Ronald Knox gives Saint Paul's teaching on "The Church." Like all that he does, it is a learned, convincing treatise, and in a beautiful style. The Reverend T. E. Bird discusses Saint Paul and the Holy Eucharist, and finally the Reverend C. Lattey, S. J., treats of the Pauline teaching in regard to the Second Coming.

It is a timely book. Even today pretending scholars continue to misrepresent Saint Paul. As usual, the Catholic scholars are the only ones who hold fast to tradition and the Fathers and refuse to take the position that would make Saint Paul a subject for the psychiatrist. These lectures should be read and reread. In fact, they should be memorized.

HUGH F. BLUNT.

LIBERTY BANK BUILDING
BUFFALO

34 KILDARE STREET
DUBLIN

Daniel O'Connell & Company
Incorporated
580 Fifth Avenue
New York

UNDERWRITE AND DISTRIBUTE

FIRST MORTGAGE GOLD BONDS

OF

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCHES

AND INSTITUTIONS

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED

NEWMAN SCHOOL

Lakewood—New Jersey

Prepares boys for all leading colleges and universities. Upper and Lower School. Directed by Catholic laymen. Resident Chaplain.

For Information Address

W. GRIFFIN KELLEY, *Headmaster*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PIUS X SCHOOL of LITURGICAL MUSIC
COLLEGE OF THE SACRED HEART
133rd Street and Convent Avenue, New York

Justine Ward Method — Harmony—Counterpoint
Gregorian Chant (Music IV) — Polyphony
Liturgical Singing — Boy Choir

Lessons in all the above subjects privately or in class.

A Thirty-Hour Course in Practical Harmony Will Begin on Monday, February 2nd—Hours 3:30-5:00

For further information, address the Secretary—BRadhurst 2-8000

BURR PRINTING HOUSE
FOUNDED 1837

FRANKFORT AND JACOB STREETS
NEW YORK, N. Y.

CATALOGUES, MAGAZINES, BOOKS
AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING

Bind Every Volume

In response to numerous requests from subscribers we have arranged to supply attractive binders for individual volumes of THE COMMONWEAL.

The binders are loose leaf with a capacity of twenty-six issues. They are handsomely bound in red imitation leather with stiff covers, red skytogen lined. The backbone of the cover is stamped in gold with the number of the volume and its inclusive dates. The price of the binder is $1.65 postage paid to any address.

In ordering the binders specify the number of copies you desire and the number of the volume. Please indicate if you wish to be placed on our list to receive future binders as issued.

THE COMMONWEAL
Grand Central Terminal
New York City

Briefer Mention

The Contemporary American Organ, by William H. Barnes. New York: J. Fischer and Brothers. $4.00.

THE VALUE of the work lies in its efficient presentation of modern methods of organ building. It deals with organ mechanisms from the ancient hydraulic instrument of 200 B. C. to the highly ingenious "effects" of present day temple-of-the-cinema monsters—"effects" which grate on the sensibilities of classically trained organists as would, say, the poetic typography of E. E. Cummings have caused W. C. Brownell to rub his eyes. Mr. Barnes however does not wax controversial on this point, keeping with a scientist's dispassion to the subject at hand, although he is a practising church organist as well as an organ architect and an associate editor of the *American Organist.* The book dispatches in the opening chapte. what is available to the music student elsewhere—the history of the organ—in order to devote itself to what is available nowhere else. This is an exposition of the last forty years' developments in organ building: modern windchests; the electro-pneumatic action; the automatic player; and also a chapter on a sore need, "Suggestions to Prospective Purchasers of Organs." Profusely illustrated with mechanical drawings as well as half-tones of representative organs in prominent churches, auditoriums and homes, the work is in effect a textbook on the modern organ.

Enchanted Brittany, by Amy Oakley. New York: The Century Co. $4.00.

THE INTERPRETATIVE value of this volume may be gauged from the following pronouncement which appears on page 163: "The Christian faith in Brittany rests upon an undisguised pagan foundation." The discoverer should hurry on to Rome where real opportunity awaits her. Chateaubriand's ideas, she had previously informed us (page 15), "no longer draw the breath of life." Jeanne d'Arc's visions (page 35), "one comes to understand," develop "on a spot where druids, Romans, early Christians have performed their rites and dreamed their dreams." One would not give the impression that the author is unintentionally unfair, if that is the word. Simply, she has not the key to the understanding of Europe, especially Brittany, which is the Faith. There is much industrious moving about described, with no particular narrative charm. Mr. Thornton Oakley's illustrations are the volume's chief merit.

CONTRIBUTORS

JOHN C. CAHALAN, JR., is a former newspaper man, residing in Michigan.

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON is a veteran political correspondent for New York journals. His latest book is "Presidents I've Known and Two Near Presidents."

The late ERNEST HARTSOCK was editor of *Bozart* and the author of "Narcissus and Iscariot."

MAY RITA O'ROURKE, English poet, essayist and biographer, contributes to current periodicals and is the author of "West Wind Days," "Saint Joan of Arc" and "Margaret Sinclair."

EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY is the author of several books of fiction and a book of verse, and contributes to current periodicals.

JAMES J. WALSH, writer and lecturer, is the author of "The Thirteenth, the Greatest of Centuries" and other books.

KATHARINE TYNAN, English novelist and poet, has published numerous books, of which the most recent is "Collected Poems."

GENE SETON is the pen-name of a Sister of Charity.

REV. JOHN O'GRADY is professor of sociology in the Catholic University of America and secretary of the National Conference of Catholic Charities.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS is the Lampson professor of English in Yale University, and the author of "The Beginnings of the English Romantic Movement," "Human Nature and Gospels," "Adventures and Confessions" and "Happiness."

BOYD-CARPENTER, a writer on European politics, is attached to the faculty of the School of Foreign Service of Georgetown University.

GRENVILLE VERNON is the author of "The Image in the Path."

ALICE JOYCE is a new contributor to THE COMMONWEAL.

REV. HUGH F. BLUNT, poet and critic, is pastor of the Sacred Heart Church, Braintree, Mass., and the author of "Poems," "Spiritual Songs" and "Homely Spirituals."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED